



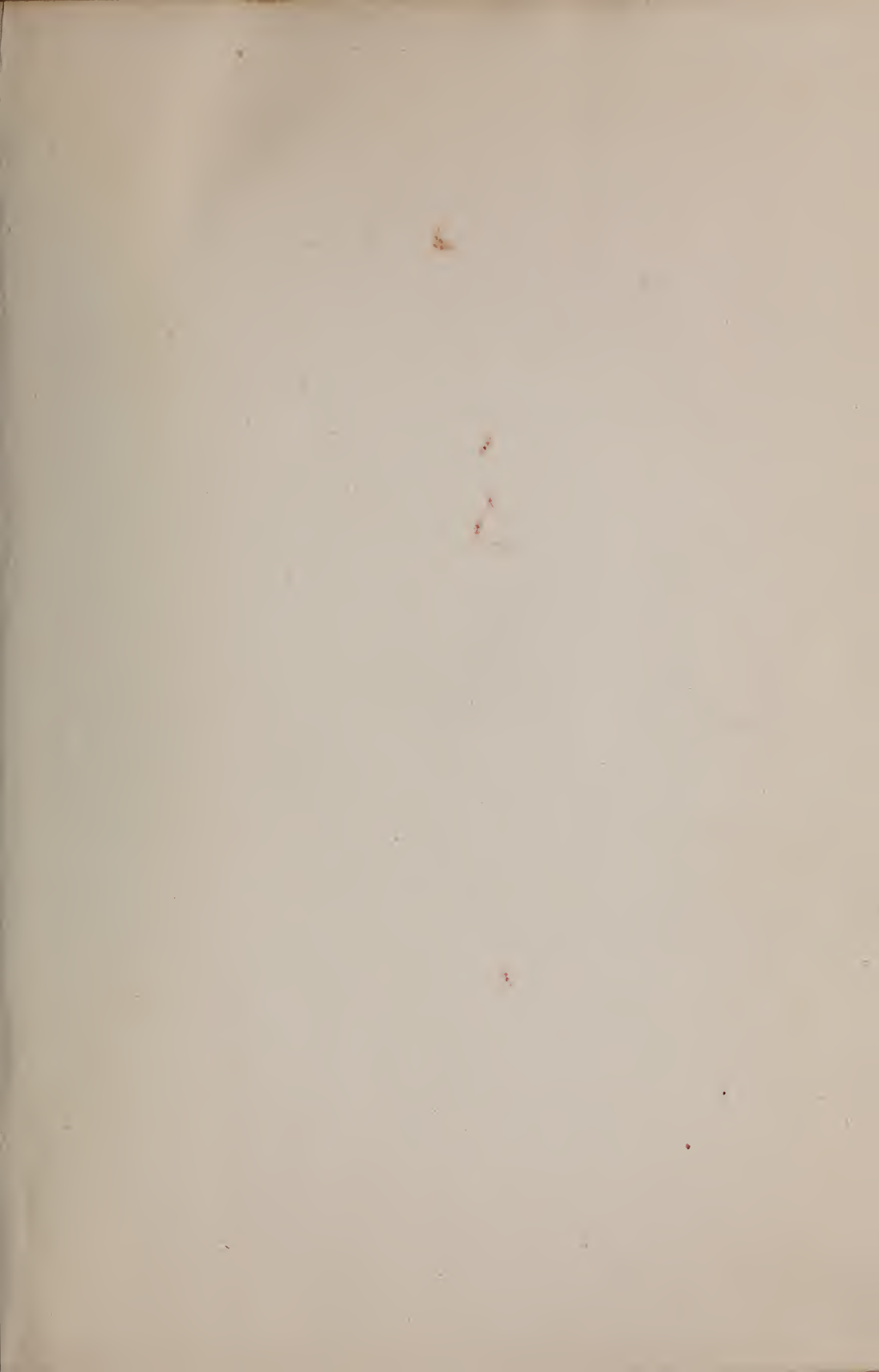


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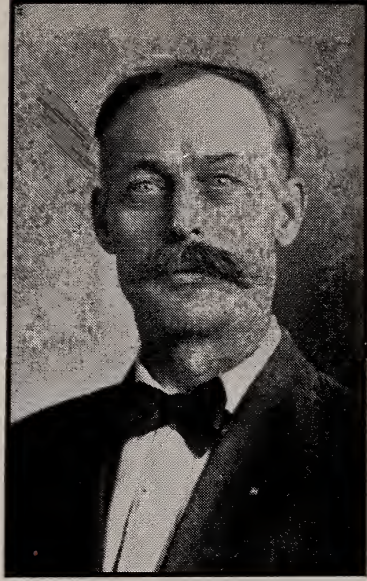
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Poetry is the fragrance of a Divine Soul.  
Truthfulness is its color,  
And earnestness the soil in which it thrives.  
Its best setting is, to be heard by a group;  
For, like all that is truly good, it withers  
In an atmosphere of selfishness.

C. A. STRICKLAND,  
Ashland, Oregon.

# BEHOOVEFULNESS

The archaic title for a book treating with archaic principles which it behooves us to revive.

A brain fumigator : A soup-house killer : It puts Christianity to work  
And gives to craft unions an open road.

A Diadelphian Attempt to  
Remove Prejudice and  
Instill Serenity in  
the Minds of Men  
by Plain  
Idioms  
By  
C. A. STRICKLAND  
ASHLAND, ORE.

Author of "One Free Life at a Time"

and

"Christianity Christianized"

A Transitional Carol, Price 5 cents; 10 for 25 cents  
The Dignity of Labor, in Sheet Music Form, 10 cents; 7 for 50 cents

Price of Behoovefulness, paper cover 30 cents, \$2.25 per dozen;  
Library bound \$1.00, \$7.50 per dozen.

HN78  
S8

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Each book sent out contains three appropriate book-marks. If they do not appear in your book, or if you can use more of them in your correspondence, kindly drop a postal card to the author and he will gladly send you any number, greatly appreciating your kind favor.

There are girls who are starved for a kindly look,  
And many young boys going wrong,  
Who'd rejoice and be glad could they read this book;  
They'd do better with hopes made strong.  
C. A. STRICKLAND, Ashland, Ore.

MAR 22 1915

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# Index

## SECTION ONE—*Instability*:

A Prelude .....	9
A Synopsis By Sections.....	8
Chivalric Dutchy .....	16
Equality .....	28
Fear and Want.....	26
Memoir .....	7
Napoleon .....	30
Teach the Boys.....	24
The Cost of a Haunted House	21
The Invocation .....	11
The Mortgage .....	13
The Power of Money.....	18
The Present Time.....	31
The Private Title.....	27

## *Idolatry*

## SECTION TWO—*Infidelity*:

A Conscription .....	48
A Stockbroker's Soliloquy ...	45
Closing Out .....	64
Crushed Hopes .....	38
Easter Morning .....	47
From the Cradle to the Grave	46
God Omnipotent .....	58
Immanuel .....	50
Money Talks .....	40
Ownership .....	64
Pardon Defeats Justice.....	36
Paul, a D. D., and a Lawyer.	59
Prevarication .....	42
Retrospection .....	43

Shoot If You Must.....	39
Sabotage .....	41
Some Laws Should Be Re-	
pealed .....	52
Some Questions to You.....	56
Tainted Money .....	33
The Black Flag.....	63
The Issue .....	34
Time Without End.....	44
What Profiteth It? .....	41
Wrongful Laws Do Distort...	43

## SECTION THREE—*The Remedy*:

A Perspective .....	78
A Precedent .....	71
A Premonition .....	68
Economics .....	72
Healing the Blind.....	76
His Law .....	74
Labor's Call to Camp Hope..	84
Modus Operandi .....	66
Revolution .....	75
Socialists Do Throw Bombs..	70
The Execution of Jesus.....	67
The Engine of Life .....	90
The Formula .....	94
The Honest Kicker.....	88
"The We Can Act".....	65
That's So, All Right.....	86
Thou Shalt Not Kill.....	80
Wha-At Next!! .....	83
Whatever Is, Is Best.....	81
Your Happiness and Mine....	79

#### SECTION FOUR—*Progress*;

A Bargain .....	98
A Farewell to L. U. 469.....	101
An Universal Strike.....	126
Ask What Ye Will.....	114
A Temperance Lecture .....	122
Do It Now.....	102
Every Fight a Crime.....	110
I Am the Light.....	124
If One Has the Brains.....	97
I Now See.....	105
In Life and In Death.....	99
Introspection .....	127
Just Plain Truths .....	106
Love Thy Neighbor.....	115
Mary Magdalene .....	108
My Birth-Right .....	118
Nine Don'ts .....	104
Notice .....	117
The Day Before Thanksgiving, 1950 .....	120
The I. W. W.....	116
The Scourge of Thongs.....	111
The Truth Shall Make You Free .....	112

#### SECTION FIVE—*Peace*;

All Good Divine.....	143
A Low Down Dog .....	154
A New Day .....	146
An Aftermath .....	158
Be Born Again.....	148
Blessed Are the Meek.....	140
Brother-Love .....	150
Dominion .....	139
Evolution .....	130
Good .....	132
Hermeneutics .....	156
His Wealth .....	131
His Message .....	136
Homage .....	129
Human Nature .....	151
Idleness .....	145
Just Love .....	157
Material Success Is Spiritual Failure .....	144
Non-Resistance .....	158
Redemption .....	134
Repletion .....	137
Scientific Regeneration .....	138
The Crucial Hour.....	133
The Folly of Fools Is Deceit..	153
The Hour of Reckoning.....	152
The Holy Law.....	142
Wondrous Simplicity .....	149
Wounded Love .....	141
The Will To Love.....	130

Since it has been decreed by law, that to operate a lottery or to buy chances in a lottery is a violation of the law, is an unlawful *business*, and since the getting of a job from a private boss at a wage that will enable the worker to live decently and honorably has decidedly become the matter of a mere lottery, why not "let's us play" there is a law which illegalizes the entire wage system?

When you have read the book, please turn back to this page and work the following example in multiplication:

Truth, Honor, Justice, Love, Virtue, Peace  
\$

---



## PREFACE

Where understanding is complete  
'Twixt man and man,  
There trouble suffers dire defeat;  
'Tis Truth's great plan.

It has been said that "No generation can correctly measure itself." Also, "Christianity has not yet been tried." This is because each generation has failed to accurately deduce from history the knowledge of what conditions would prevail in the present time had the preceding generations applied just and honest methods to their economic affairs (house keeping). It would not pay the ruling, or owning class, to do this; and they have censored all history.

Every revolutionary movement known to the world, looking to the freedom of all mankind, has started among the least favored elements of the then existing state of society, and the leader in all such revolutions has always been a man whose character was framed out of the same materials; hope blasting disappointments, and ambition crushing sufferings endured by the slave class of his day. Through yielding to no master but "Love," he has lived above his environments and become able to see and know the great difference between Christianity and "Churchianity." This difference has existed always in the many phases of "Life complete" or its counterfeit, just as the exchangeable dollar is the counterfeit of *real money* which is, "a correct measure for labor performed, to be cancelled when used." The transferable dollar is paid to "labor" for a portion of his life, just once, but it will buy bread for a thief as often as he can steal it.

Have you made these discoveries? If so, you have only a feeling of tolerance and hope for the soap-boxer, whose rantings against religion prove him to be "an idealist in the rough," whose pure love for his fellowman is overshadowed by self-pity. Thus you see him, as yet a bound slave, worshiping before other gods than Love.

Let us not measure any degree of "madness" as any degree of Holiness. Rather let us love a broader love into the lives of men. Herein are full plans and specifications for making "Love your neighbor" a paying proposition.

If you object to the word "Socialist" as used herein, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business" \* \* \*

"Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

Just one personal statement to you Captains of Industry. Had you not fallen down, utterly failed in keeping *me* busy at working for a wage, I would never have pried into your business and discovered that your system of credits is entirely ruined; that never in all the future can we succeed in paying *your* debts; that we can have nothing to hand down to our children but a huge blanket of bonded debts; only for this one thing, this book would never have been written.

You had bitten me and I was *believing* "moneyphobia." You had sold your soul to the devil for a price and demanded the pay from me (labor). The deal is closed "Because I go to the Father" (Society) to receive "My right to work."

C. A. STRICKLAND.



# BEHOOVEFULNESS

## SYNOPSIS BY SECTIONS

### SECTION ONE—*Instability.*

With war raging between buyer and seller in the business world, between man and woman in the home life, between the employer and the worker in the labor world; with the producing and distributing of life's simple needs, causing strife and contention everywhere and at all times, suicide is becoming quite the fashion.

### SECTION TWO—*Infidelity.*

*Idolatry.*

The benighted heathens, pagans and idolators, while committing all manner of crimes in jealousy over favors supposedly bestowed, or to appease the anger of the powers they believed their idols to symbolize, were not living farther away from the true principle of religion and "All that life is for," than are the races of men of today where the Christian Faith is proclaimed in form only, but has been entirely commercialized, that it shall prove a paying proposition.

### SECTION THREE—*The Remedy.*

Never hesitate to fully forgive yourself. Train all habits of life to conform to perfect poise. By practice, attain to that degree of self-respect which disregards the acquiescence of any other person than the ego. Never *hurry* in life's purpose. Jesus took four days' time in getting to the tomb of His friend whom He loved to raise him from the dead. Cease to support, either by service or by resistance, any proposition not based on the entire truth. All evils die when left alone. See "The We Can Act," page 65.

### SECTION FOUR—*Progress.*

The first and constant need for the accomplishment of any feat is the desire to see that thing done. Never, in all history, have the universal desires of mankind been so perfectly concentrated toward the required action for knowing and doing that which will lead man into life's true purposes. The inventive attainments being enjoyed today show the partial results of the progress being made.

### SECTION FIVE—*Peace.*

Peace is an accomplishment which cannot be owned or attained to by an individual; it is a condition to be established only with men as a whole. Peace can have no substitute, nor will it ever stay where turmoil is entertained. No man enjoys peace while knowing of a fellow-man's sufferings.

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR, BY A DEAR FRIEND, JOE EVANS,  
A MEMBER AND "THE POET" OF THE STONE-  
CUTTERS' UNION OF AMERICA

TO CHAS. A. STRICKLAND, COMRADE, POET, AUTHOR:

All Hail! Friend, Poet, Comrade! May the Goddess of Liberty stand  
Dictating the words of freedom, that follow thy fearless hand.  
May the words of hope and comfort, inspiring those who plod,  
Impel thee to further efforts for the Country, the Cause, and God.

So keen to detect the error, so swift to denounce the wrong,  
He chose for his field of labor the weak against the strong.  
No compromise with Honor, he led where heroes climb,  
And fearless came the challenge, "One Free Life at a Time."

Then came the subtle sweetness of Poetry born in the heart.  
And "Christianity Christianized" are gems of poetic art;  
While the glow of his inspiration and the edge of his keen satire  
Illumine the scenes of action like pictures of living fire.

Then on with the work, my brother! The world may be cold and  
stern.

Remember, in all the ages the world has been slow to learn.  
The Truth will live forever; the false will be forced to resign.  
"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine."

Cheyenne, Wyoming, January 20, 1904.

## A PRELUDE

He who owns my right to labor  
Also owns my daily bread.  
Let this be each toiler's maxim  
When the Lord's Prayer he has said.  
This will show that private titles  
Still require the same old plan—  
Every court must have its Pilate  
To convict the Son of Man.

When the greedy found that reason  
Could be conquered by abuse,  
That to punish men for meekness  
Hides the lie, a false excuse—  
Is the grounds for "legal stealing"  
Gives to pirates passports free;  
In this garb they dressed their Idol,  
Pictured God a debauchee.

Fear o'erpowered love and reason;  
Cowards donned the title "Lord";  
Fellowship gave way to profits;  
Virtue fell beneath the sword.  
Then the Patriarch got jealous,  
And began to gobble land;  
Then they fixed a party platform,  
With the planks "by God's command."

When the demons, rent and profit,  
Lured man's body from the soul,  
Making "persons" more important  
Than a Heaven for the whole,  
It was then the Roman soldiers  
Crucified the Son of Man,  
And the foes of Socialism  
Still apply that wicked plan.

Came a time when masters quarreled—  
Got each other by the throat;  
But when finding war too costly  
Gave their subjects, slaves, a vote.

With it came the stipulation,  
In a manner bold and grave,  
"You may have my kind of freedom  
If you'll make my foes behave."

With the masses thus deluded,  
Mystified by party broils,  
All the bosses soon united—  
Wicked thieves dividing spoils,  
Sowing selfishness and hatred  
In the field of thought, like weeds,  
Filled God's Cov'nant Ark with contracts,  
Blacklists, mortgages and deeds.

We should know that ninety-seven  
Of each hundred waste this life,  
Struggling in vain hopes for riches—  
Rush to death in needless strife,  
Just because we count each person  
As a unit and alone,  
Shatter every bond that's human;  
From the wreck would build a throne.

Love was always mild and gentle,  
Never boastful, always true;  
It is neither slave nor master,  
Has no party, throne nor pew;  
Like the sunlight through all ages,  
Love has always battled wrong;  
Not with power, but gently whispered,  
"Help the weakest to be strong."

Evil deeds will cease to flourish  
When that gentle voice is heard,  
When mankind shall gather knowledge—  
Not from laws, nor mortal's word;  
But when *truth*, by light of reason,  
Causes Justice to appear,  
Then each man may love his neighbor,  
And be free from want and fear.

## THE INVOCATION

"Our Father, which art in Heaven"  
Not a place, but a condition  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling  
And the weary be at rest,"  
Not a man who deals out glory  
As per power of acquisition,  
But mind's dominion, realm of peace,  
Serves "harmony" the best.

"Hallowed be Thy name" should be  
Applied to all the people;  
It has proved a mere estrangement,  
Making "Father" mean a boss.  
Thus 'tis only superfluous,  
As each church must have a steeple;  
Why it has a foreign usage,  
Thinking men are at a loss.

"Thy Kingdom come"—it surely will,  
When all mankind shall own the earth;  
When private titles disappear  
That every man may be of worth;  
When children born shall not be cursed  
With debts and trade, but get their needs,  
And mothers name their babes for love—  
Not for a place to fasten deeds.

"Thy will be done"—which ne'er can be  
While army men and preachers gloat  
In usurped powers o'er lives of men—  
We need the referendum vote!  
Each man must have the right to work  
And thus to serve humanity—  
Not be obliged to *buy* his boss;  
This savors of insanity.

"On earth as 'tis in Heaven"—and  
This simply means a place of peace.  
This world can furnish joy for all  
When from greed's throes we get release.

Where laws are framed to simply hold  
 All produce to be bought and sold  
 By money changers, class or ring,  
 Nor prayer nor faith can Heaven bring.

"Give us this day our daily bread,"  
 But they who hold me by my job,  
 Constrain my motives, heart and head,  
 And thrive the more, the more they rob;  
 But when their system brings on war,  
 My peace of mind—God's Will—to mar,  
 They ask of me that I should fight—  
 Kill brother working men on sight.

"Forgive our debts," that we may know  
 That every tribute to Thee paid  
 Shall help us treat our brother so,  
 Not gauge him by mistakes he's made.  
 "And lead us not into tempting thought,  
 But deliver us from evils" wrought  
 By patriarchs? who forged Thy words  
 That they might *own* the lands and herds.

"Power and Glory" unto Thy Name  
 Through all the universe the same;  
 "Amen" shall rest on every lip  
 When men are freed from ownership;  
 When every soul may claim its share  
 Of all life's needs, the same as air;  
 When brotherly love nulls vanity  
 And *man* shall mean humanity.

*Soul-intuition*—a new definition of "Faith." It will resurrect that word of great power from the state of limbo whereto idol-frightened men have relegated it that they may hold God a party to the ills resulting from property owning. It is a vain attempt at excusing of self for their utter lack of compunction, while hearing a neighbor scrape the bottom of his flour barrel.

Men are born equal as regards their needs. Also, no man ever "believed" wrongly except he was misinformed.



## THE MORTGAGE

"Papa, what is meant by mortgage? Please to tell me what it's like?

Is it heavy? What's its color—should I meet one on the pike  
Had I better walk up to it and salute it like a man  
Or go hide me while it passes? Please explain as best you can.

"Pa, the reason that I ask you—well, it seems a funny thing—  
But while I was down to aunt's the preacher came to pray and sing,  
And—why, he and Uncle Charley got to jawing—had a row—  
Well, it seemed so, 'cause the preacher went off grieving, anyhow.

"First the preacher acted spooney—said his heart was moved by  
love—

Tried to cry, and begged of uncle to meet auntie up above.  
Said 'twould be his greatest pleasure if beyond this world of strife  
He could know that both their names were in the 'young sheep's'  
book of life.

"Uncle Charley took the Bible, and said he, 'I'll prove to you  
That our Savior was a man—a man with ev'ry purpose true.  
And you preachers, while you labor for church doctrine on your  
knees,

Do not represent our Savior, but the Scribes and Pharisees.

" 'Jesus taught a plain religion—every man to be a king—  
But the kings to be like children—not to covet everything.  
But while interest, rent or profit drive the Golden Rule to shame,  
Think you happiness can prosper? Can a Christian merit fame?'

"The preacher seemed to wilt and wither—still he tried to look  
serene.

At last he mustered spunk to mutter: 'You're the worst I've ever  
seen.'

Then your brother sent another—sort of punched it with a pole—  
'No! you'll stick no priestly mortgage like a leech upon *my* soul!'

"Pa, it really seemed that uncle had the best of all the deal,  
But I pitied that poor preacher—didn't know just how to feel.  
But if you'll explain the mortgage, which uncle seemed to count a  
pest—

Is it matter, flesh or spirit?—then I think I'll know the rest."

"Well, my boy, your Uncle Charley never wished that preacher harm,  
But for fifteen years he's slaved to lift a mortgage off his farm.  
And all that time the banker's flourished, and kept on growing fat.  
No, your uncle was not angry—he's too broad a mind for that.

"Now about the dread word, 'mortgage'—'tis as a surety to pay;  
It was born of foul greed while kings and priestcraft held full sway.

'Twas the cause of endless sorrows, and it's causing sorrow yet—  
Still we pay the growing mortgage or forfeit many fold the debt.

" 'Tis by law a living monster, with spurious life, like Shylock's god.  
It compels the world's producers to slave and die at Shylock's nod.  
Neither floods nor droughts affect it—'tis never cheap like lands  
or grain;  
The debtor's family must respect it 'spite of sickness, grief or pain.

"Morning, noon and night it pesters—bulls and bears may with  
it toy—  
Still the worker's locks it whitens, moths nor rust cannot destroy.  
Tears nor pleadings ne'er appease it, 'tis always starved (it feeds  
on gold).  
The means of life for little children and judges are already sold."

"Yes, but pa, it seems a mortgage clings to all things of this world,  
But it surely ought not keep the souls of men to misery furled.  
Was not Uncle Charley hasty? Did he not use sophistry  
When he classes faith as a mortgage? Souls are of eternity."

"Well, my boy, it does not matter just what word conveys a thought;  
He was trying to call attention to the Truths that Jesus taught,  
And condemn the wicked customs which the church's god defends;  
They ignore the God of Spirit to help Shylock gain his ends.

"True we count the soul immortal, but while dwelling in this clay,  
It does not soar to true perfection with the intellect at bay.  
With the school, the church and customs 'neath the thrall of greedy  
thieves  
Slaves must cease to cry for mercy—'tis only Justice that relieves.



"The Bible gives a faint reflection of God, as known by men of yore,  
But thieves with power to guide devotions have added to it schemes  
galore.

Could preachers read it, uninfluenced by blighting ease which riches  
give,

They'd see God's wealth of life shine through it as water rushes  
through a sieve."

---

Count all waters as one water, count all loves as one grand whole,  
Count all matter, force, attraction, as the plan of one grand Soul;  
Give to human life a oneness, make our efforts one grand plod—  
When we've solved the "Savior's problems" we will know the living  
God.

That Jesus did know the truth that shall make us free, must be admitted, or Christian civilization is doomed to again plunge into the dark ages. He healed all manner of diseases. He walked on the waters; He raised the dead; that is, He proved that to understand Spiritual Truth brings Omnipotence. He defied old customs and succeeded in doing those things, of which the conventionalists are always shouting, "It can't be done." In His great work, what had He to combat? He denounced the scribes and hypocrites, editors and teachers, who deceive for a price in defense of "business." He drove from the temple (all the world of industry) those who bought and sold. These alone defend private ownership of public needs. He commanded that the taking of usury, which is a twin to profits, should cease, that we might "Love your neighbor as yourself."

How badly we were in need of our *Thomas Payne* to furnish the substance of our "Declaration of Independence," and when we really "most desired it" Thomas A. Edison gave us "more light." How strange that to all three of these men the priestcraft has appeared an incongruity.

Every hour that we continue to worship at the shrine of the exchangeable dollar, "The ten horned beast" (ten mills make one cent, ten cents one dime, ten dimes on dollar) we are plunging deeper into the slough of despondency and disease, cowardice and crime. Now and then when interest, rent and profits get too badly tangled to longer hide our perverted natures, we "declare war" and kill off a few thousand would-be-get-richers. Sure! That's business (?) "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

How can that man to whom past experiences seem deplorable, build a happy future out of the materials which his memory must provide?

## CHIVALRIC DUTCHY

Who tinks de home polluted iss  
 Ven vomans got de vote?  
 Dem grafters hate dot bisness,  
 Now he got 'em by de troat,  
 Und efry time de veemens  
 Buys a haf a pound of tea,  
 He says, "Bye gum, dem polyticks,  
 Is good enuf for Morgan (me).

But ven de vife, he got dos vote  
 Dey use dem polyticks  
 To straighten out dis "hell-of-a-note"  
 Und stop dem humbug tricks!  
 Dey votes for mans to make dem laws,  
 Co-operative like.  
 Und den dem grafter fellers,  
 He moost haf to take a valk (hike).

Ach lieber! ven der vages iss  
 So any man can't lif,  
 Und ven ve ask de boss some more,  
 Vot increase he shall gif,  
 You bit-choo-laf, bye yimminy!  
 De mans von't haf to strike!  
 De veemens git it pooty kvick,  
 Dey *vote* for vot dey vant (like).

You tink de mans he git afraid  
 Und vote de oder vay?  
 Not much! she fix it, mock-en-flink,  
 So as dot doesn't pay.  
 No sir, by gum, you bet you!  
 He dasn't be so bad.  
 She makes de shildren all shud up—  
 Dey voodn't call him Fadder (dad).

Dot makes me tink a little bit  
 About de 'postle Paul,  
 He didn't vant de veemen folks  
 To vote, not much, at all.

Perhaps he vas a lawyer,  
 Und de preachers told him how  
 De veemen knows a ting or two,  
 Vat makes a awful muss (row).

Dey vasn't *all* free-lovers,  
 Und dey didn't bust de home.  
 Some preachers tink it surely vill  
 Van Socialism come.  
 Aber, Ach! mine Gott! vot iss den dot?  
 Dis bisness makes me mad!  
 I, bin a dynamiter,  
 Mit des polyticks so slecht (bad).

\* \* \* \* \*

Und dare you got it!

Pity that man who knows not the source of real power, but "prays without ceasing" to that mirage which has been viciously legislated into the burned and granulated air over the desert of this business world. He counts everything far-fetched, which has any other motive power than "the \$" hoisted for a sail. When he by chance gets a slight glimpse of "himself," by the medium of a magnetic evangelist or a black-arts faker, he will cry like a child (in shame) and then curse himself for being a fool. When placed where his honor is put to the test, he commits some of those atrocious crimes which appall the public conscience.

Sleep is death's little sister; or, mortal waking life, is Spiritual life let out for recess.

If God is Love, is more than man,  
 Then faith in God must surely win;  
 But serve two masters, no one can,  
 Thus faith in property is sin.  
 That seeming power which blights and maims,  
 In our resistance finds its claims.  
 When we shall know no power but good;  
 To love, as Father meant we should,  
 The field of life with flowers will bloom;  
 There'll be no poverty nor gloom.  
 And as our Spirits shall advance  
 Towards "Truth Divine" through "silence" sleep,  
 The loves we hold as 'twere by chance,  
 Build mem'ries we shall ever keep.

## THE POWER OF MONEY

I recently interviewed, Hand-out Joe  
 And he gave me a great surprise.  
 He told me some things that I'm grieved to know,  
 And I want to ask you if they're lies.  
 Said he, "Pride and Honor forbid me to work  
 And see my hard earnings corraled by some shirk.  
 I would live, and I care not for money.

"The Pioneer Bob and the Workingman Bill,  
 Who block out the homes for a nation,  
 They furnish the muscle, the brains and the skill  
 Which result in man's boasted creation.  
 They number their hours of labor by twelve,  
 They brave every danger, they dig and they delve,  
 Not to live, only just to make money.

"The factory girl trembles in deathly fear  
 When the boss is seen wearing a frown.  
 She has measured her strength with a millionaire  
 Whose wealth by her labors has grown.  
 She suffers his tyrannies small and great,  
 Exists in sheer anguish both early and late—  
 Still, are they not both making money?

"An abstract of title lies harmlessly (?) there  
 On a beautiful marble slab.  
 The mortgage is written, for the title's been clear  
 Since some government made the big grab.  
 Just offer that banker this same farmer's lot,  
 Would he make the change? No, he'd rather be shot;  
 And he only does this to make money.

"The weird politician, old Shylock's best tool,  
 Of all human vipers the worst,  
 Would barter his birthright, the poorly paid fool,  
 For gall to quench conscience's thirst.  
 With a lie in his heart that stings like a thorn  
 He curses the day that e'er he was born—  
 Poor whipped slave to the power of money.

"The soldiers march onward in martial array—  
One horrible killing machine,  
Bent upon murder. 'Shame! Heroes,' you say,  
To kill those whom they never have seen?  
They belie their own nature, when willing to die,  
Insane with forced anger they hardly know why.  
Only someone is bound to make money.

"The evangelist shouts, 'Here's the Blood of the Lamb!  
Look out! for the Devil is coming!'  
He knows that to mankind he's not worth a clam  
So he doesn't want cash; he's just bumming.  
Let someone drop a thousand as you would a dime,  
He reluctantly (?) takes it, just for this single time,  
But, oh, no, he is not making money.

"We loudly boast of our public school;  
True, 'tis Old Glory's firm foundation;  
But the children of only a favored few  
Can complete their education.  
While yet babes they find Shylock holds contracts of old;  
With their flesh for ransom, and he *must* have his gold;  
So they're forced to get out and make money.

"When we try every test and find a man brave,  
We choose him as our legislator;  
To guard against evils and let our flag wave  
O'er this of all nations the greater.  
But how oft do we bow in shame and disgust  
To see how our statesmen betray their great trust  
When given a chance to make money.

"The mother, the moulder of mankind's career,  
Is baffled beyond compare;  
Her hopes for her boy are in deep rever—  
Brave soul, may she never despair.  
But how oft her mirth falters in the midst of her song,  
For she knows that the teachings of men are wrong  
In regard to the making of money.



"The child of today who is destined to be  
     The citizen of tomorrow,  
 Is crushed 'neath the pangs of poverty,  
     All hopes, but the dawn of sorrow.  
 The human mind is so flexible, so like potter's clay,  
 On the lathe of priests and liars it almost *must* obey  
 And yield to the power of money.

"When man shall prize honor and truth above self,  
     His vision will soon become clear.  
 He'll see all mankind have such rights as himself  
     And also love freedom as dear.  
 Then we'll know it is lower to receive than to give,  
 True love displace greed, and we'll learn how to live.  
 Oh, how gladly we'll stop making money!"

Then he said (and I wondered if he was a knave):  
     "There's a brighter day now dawning;  
 Education has dug old Shylock's grave—  
     There under the willow it's yawning;  
 And the old fellow's sick—if he dies, let him go,  
 All the children of Eve will live better I know.  
 Let us bury this worship of money!"

The calm, cool conviction so fixed in Joe's eye,  
     Proved to me that our hearts were in union.  
 I could not rebuke him—I hardly know why—  
     But I relished the sweet communion.  
 He said, "Cowards profit by ownership laws,"  
 And I vowed, that with him, I would help in the cause,  
 To take power away from money.

And I know, as I reason from cause to effect,  
     That no one will lose by the deal;  
 That those who have millions to pay for respect  
     Can get it and won't have to steal.  
 With them and their children from grim want secure  
 They will love the most lowly for their hearts *can* be pure.  
 We must banish the power of money.

## THE COST OF A HAUNTED HOUSE

Thunder and roar! ye gods of war!  
Rocks and rivers drink human blood,  
While the stench of putrefying flesh  
Draws vermin and vultures from near and far,  
And life-laden battle-clouds sullenly scud,  
For greed has foiled reason in hatred's mesh—  
The weak tribe has lands, and fabulous wealth  
Must be taken by force if it can't by stealth!  
But the fighters are crazed by a foul covin,  
A kingly ruse called "Power Divine."

Indemnity claims make the titles clear;  
To the fame-flushed victors belong the spoil.  
The fighters now fight for trade.  
'Tis now the competitive strifes appear,  
Over whom shall rule commerce or own the soil.  
Where greed is king, common interests fade,  
But blinded faith knows not despair,  
Instinct shows freedom to be our share,  
So we follow in customs that lead to blight,  
Which cowards and liars claim "God made right."

When dangers approach the nation's home,  
These cowards and liars like eagles screech  
(Their sophistry posing as love),  
Resounding from pulpit, stump and dome,  
Will every worker's hamlet reach  
Their emblem, the pure white dove.  
And blinded faith led on by greed,  
Brings forth the gallant (?) soldier's deed,  
While preachers, loafers, millionaires  
Boast of "our" country's great affairs.

Peace should be in the reach of all;  
This earth can suckle her human brood  
When we live as the brave without greed;  
When cowards and liars heed not "the call"  
By faith, men's children to delude;  
We have envy and ignorance, all we need—

And while they're pretending to know so much,  
 Do they cripple our feet and give us a crutch?  
 Do they teach us how grand it is to know  
 A lot of stuff that isn't so?

To teach that Jones may own the soil  
     That grows the food for him and Brown  
     Is something worse than treason.  
 To teach that men in shops should toil  
     That plutocrats may wear a crown,  
     Sounds like some preacher's reason.  
 Give me a place to drive corner stakes  
 In the air we breathe, the seas and lakes,  
 And if I can't give you "cards and spades"  
 In this "business game" I'll go to Hades.

The child that isn't allowed to be  
     What nature planned and meant it should,  
     All his high aims defeated—  
 If taught to slave and thus be free,  
     That living wrong will make him good,  
     Through life that child is cheated.  
 And when he leaves this mortal frame,  
 And finds how crooked was the game,  
 Who can his soul a passport give,  
 When he didn't even start to live?

\* \* \* \* \*

Down by the river, under the bluff,  
     A miserly miller lived alone,  
     Hoarding and loving his wealth.  
 No children's prattle, his musings rough,  
     His sympathies calloused, a heart like stone,  
     Money was better to him than health \* \* \*  
 On a dreary night a robber bold  
 Murdered the miser for his gold.  
 Now strong men shudder while passing by.  
 That cabin is haunted—and I've told you why.



The glory has gone out of war and it must cease.

The strong intellectual men of today realize that the calling of "the leader" in civilization has been perverted into a mad rush for "power of wealth," a power that does not satisfy, does not guarantee against the fear of want, but brings with it a knowledge of insecurity, leaving the Soul, the ego, standing alone in the universe, craving that help which comes only with the love of our fellowmen.

There is no complete happiness for the enjoyment of any individual person. Until all mankind can possess the means of being happy no man shall possess the fullness of peace. The Soul of man is the Infinite, a portion of which animates and endows with reason your body, a portion my body, and the same is true with all our brothers and sisters. The Soul of man (on this Earth) has been groping in the darkness of fear, a fear born of individualism, because we have refused to recognize the oneness of man and our relations to the entire Universe.

There never was a time when the "Soul Power" of MAN wielded the influence over the individual that it does at the present day. Dogmatic theories are being analyzed. By the smallest and least developed, it is realized that TRUTH does not need being spoken by mortal tongue, but can be recognized by man's Divine Conscience. The hearts of all mankind stand ready, listening, as it were, to receive the consummation of "On Earth Peace, Good Will (by man) Toward men."

Today the Soul is making a mighty effort. Its manifestations are everywhere and they are strangely urgent, pressingly imperious, as though the order had already been given to throw off old customs and enter into the new life. It seems as though the Supreme Will of the Soul is about to overcome the retarding influence of fear and pierce the dense clouds of error that still envelop it.

Spiritual phenomena, Occult power, Mental telepathy, the Astral plane of the Soul, and all these Divine Truths which were held as Mysteries by the Rulers and their priestcraft to keep the mass in subjection, are occupying the minds and developing the Soul Powers of all the great Common People of today. In consequence of this, men are nearer to themselves, nearer to their fellowmen; in the look of their eyes, in the Love of their hearts there is deeper earnestness and a tenderer fellowship.

It is generally conceded that the conditions of life are changing. A great mass of customs, habits, codes and pretenses are being swept aside as useless, and it is through the powers of the Soul, though we know it not, that nearly all of us judge each other. It is the Golden Rule, though it be unspoken or unthought of, which makes us good citizens, rather than Statutory laws or church doctrines.

The man who entertains evil thoughts in his heart, even though he wear the face of a gentleman, a hero or a persecuted disciple of divinity, cannot win the confidence of a child as he would have done fifty years ago, because of the elevating influence of Soul culture.

## TEACH THE BOYS

You may break the ten commandments, every one,  
 And if toadying to the wealthy call it fun;  
 But just train with union labor—  
 You must love your "richest" (?) neighbor,  
 Or be smitten by the sabre.  
     What a pun, what a pun!

Educated wrong, a man becomes a knave,  
 Squanders life for promised life beyond the grave;  
 While priest and pulpit falsely guide,  
 Virtue and love court suicide.  
 A teacher loses manly pride  
     And he's a slave, he's a slave!

They do not live a natural life, they're so beguiled,  
 Their souls so starved for truth they think it reconciled  
 To a state of endless struggle,  
 With their brains let Shylock juggle,  
 Think from God we've got to smuggle;  
     So defiled, so defiled!

We may boast of wondrous freedom, but it's lame.  
 One man goes wrong, the union bears the blame.  
 Let the masters bring on trouble,  
 The press will prick it like a bubble—  
 Charge all crimes to labor double.  
     What a shame, what a shame!

The press will throttle union labor every time.  
 Its fawning praise for legal thieving makes a chime.  
 Burnished labor shows reflections  
 Of its lies before elections;  
 Brands all ills our imperfections.  
     Oh the crime, oh the crime!

Cursing lives of babes and mothers, cowards reign,  
 All because the hearts of editors are vain;

Leaving trails of desolation;  
Pose as leaders of our nation,  
A stifled soul for consolation.  
What a feign, what a feign!

The press defends a wealthy rogue, and lauds him high,  
While God's own child in Shylock's slums may fall and die.  
The press in answer to the question,  
What will cure this dire congestion.  
"Shoot to kill" is their suggestion.  
What a lie, what a lie!

Where the press and wily preachers cast a frown,  
Let the workingmen push forward to renown.  
When the press and politicians  
Boast of party acquisitions,  
"Copper" all their propositions.  
Vote them down, vote them down!

Cast aside all creeds and parties—they're decoy—  
Base convictions on the truths the heart enjoys.  
Deeds and bonds are devil's tackle,  
The boastful press is Shylock's shackle,  
The eagle's scream they term a cackle.  
Teach the boys, teach the boys!

The operator whose plant is in an old, rotting, unsafe and sickly building, can, because of cheaper rents, figure to take all the work away from him who provides a pleasant or good shop for his employes to work in. This illustrates the whole of the profit system. We go to the voting polls blear-eyed from our great interest in matters of detail. We must search out *the principle* which makes for our welfare, and vote it always! Leave the working out of the details to those who can use them.

You workers who are expecting to get rich, be not deceived, the man who has attained to success in "This world of business" (a daylight thief) has trampled his self-respect into the mire, has flushed his true ideals into the sewer. You would not clothe your conscience with his flimsy threadbare excuses for twice what he is worth.

## FEAR AND WANT

How long, oh Lord! how long  
 Shall men continue designing,  
 By fraud to prove humanity wrong,  
 And that Infinite Love is declining—  
 That each must look out for number one,  
 That fellowship's noble race is run?  
 How long shall the soul be charmed by night  
 With mere reflections of truth for light?

All fears and want united  
 Are the parents of greed and crime.  
 The intellect selfishly slighted  
 Would ruin our race in due time.  
 The story as told of the fagots  
 Has been tried and proved true by bigots,  
 That oneness of Love to bless mankind  
 As applied to the body, has weakened the mind.

Half beliefs, as a rope of sand,  
 Have been proffered in lieu of love;  
 Faith shows us the promised land;  
 Have it *here*, not in worlds above.  
 Let human interests bind the soul  
 Into a bundle that means the whole;  
 But this can never be enjoyed  
 While profits and ownership are employed.

Might is right to this day  
 Just as when royalty flourished,  
 When the stocks and guillotine held sway;  
 For greed, a false power, was nourished.  
 The people had not yet come to know  
 That a social dependence must some day show  
 The uselessness, folly and utter void,  
 Of kings or capitalists unemployed.

Could man but understand  
That alone he would surely perish;  
That human life is so grand  
'Tis folly aught else to cherish,  
And to rid God's handiwork of fear  
Is the loftiest mission of any here!  
The life that is wasted preparing to die  
Brands Nature a coward and Love a lie.

Malice and hate ensue  
Where self-atonement is sought,  
Because to each conscience is due  
That earnest considerate thought  
Which calls all our powers to help the least,  
The weakest, to banquet at Nature's feast.  
When these from fear and want are free,  
Tyrants and bigots will cease to be.

### THE PRIVATE TITLE

I haven't any air to breathe that I cannot breathe with pleasure;  
I have no stars to look at that my eyes refuse to see;  
Not many rainbows to behold that I cannot view at leisure,  
And all the song-birds of the air sing carols sweet for me.

Of all the many blades of grasses each receives its drop of dew,  
But by law the private title curses many, blesses few.

When man was given full control—  
Dominion over land and sea—  
Say, did the Universal Soul  
Thus disinherit you and me?

Primitive man by force was greedy,  
His methods crude—wild beasts were nigh—  
But now no human should be needy,  
And the private title stands a lie.

We can never love a man-like god; but haste the day when man is  
God-like.



## EQUALITY

For nineteen hundred years or more  
The teachers in our schools  
Have tried to follow Jesus,  
But, blinded by those fools  
Who'd rather worship mammon  
Than live in Freedom's realm,  
Have kept our ship on its stormy trip,  
With greed to man the helm!

Long years before King David  
Was king, or even born;  
Before the much wronged Joseph  
Filled Egypt full of corn;  
Before "the call of Abraham"—  
Yes, long before the flood—  
This power of might to conquer right  
Cost rivers of labor's blood.

Because Cain had a cornfield  
And Abel a motley flock  
Of fatted sheep to feed on corn,  
The world still feels the shock  
Of murder over ownership.  
We have it to this day.  
Still humankind have been so blind  
We do not "watch and pray."

When Jesus spoke in parables  
Did He picture "watered stock?"  
When He told us what to build on,  
Did He say to own the rock?  
No! the foxes have their lair,  
Each bird lacks not its bed,  
But the "Son of Man," in His perfect plan,  
"Had not where to lay His head."

Then let's all become converted,  
And hark what Jesus said:

"Bear ye one another's burdens,"  
 Or else "your soul is dead."  
 Does that mean "pile up millions"  
 From the toil of other men?  
 Or deal in lies, fair play despise,  
 Crown might as right again?

There is but one redemption;  
 There is only one best plan;  
 And that our country yet shall hold,  
 "Equality of man."  
 An equal chance to educate,  
 For every child the best;  
 An equal show to love and know  
 Of high ideals and rest.

A "Father's Love" we cherish  
 Far more than words can tell.  
 When a father sees his wandering boy  
 He'll always wish him well.  
 Having seen the Christ, He tells us,  
 "The Father we have seen,"  
 But we lose in wealth gained by our stealth,  
 "Still waters and pastures green."

Just dare to read the Bible  
 As an old and vague report  
 Of how the people tried to live—  
 Record of an austere court;  
 Until the Free Man Jesus  
 Brought "tidings of good will,"  
 For which men bold, who worship gold,  
 His precious blood did spill.

For private gain those bigots  
 Murdered the Son of Man,  
 And still keep armies in the field  
 To save their Mammon plan—  
 The curse of private ownership!  
 The key to every crime—

Oh, hear His voice and make your choice.  
 "Now is the accepted time."

### NAPOLEON

Napoleon gave one Truth so great  
 That, were it heeded by all men,  
 His monstrous feats of war and hate,  
 Would never curse the world again.  
 He said, "To men I give no heed.  
 But base my campaign on this plan,  
 That every office, act or deed  
 Be executed by a *man*."  
 When men all profits shall erase  
 And know a *man* deserves the place  
 Which now a coward doth disgrace;  
 When soldiers live, not die for fame,  
 When "unfair means" bring burning shame,  
 Each man shall know a Savior's name.  
 Until I live Love's perfect plan,  
 Until each one shall know it pays  
 To live an honest, upright man,  
 We'll have no end to strenuous ways.  
 While men fix price, or wage, for pay  
 "The Father's Will" can have no worth,  
 There'll be no "daily bread this day,"  
 While private interests rule the earth.

God, Infinite Mind, created all. There was nothing made that He did not make, and He pronounced it all "very good." His supply is limitless; yet all are starving in some degree. This seems inconsistent. It is. *Man always will be as he worships!* While we worship, that is, in any manner, respect, honor with our homage, protect as men, police, courts or armies, any power vested in paper titles, business laws or a job, as our supply, apart from God, we in cowardice are charging God with a lie! All our sickness, trials and wars are an effect, not a cause; are simply evil destroying itself. Let us cease fighting with men, or the truth, in an attempt to force the effect to master its cause. Every man can serve *society* in the capacity of an architect, manager, or laborer with far better results and an assured success, than he can continue to slave to the fear-born plan of private ownership.



## THE PRESENT TIME

The universal Oneness, that omnipotent Soul,  
 Holds all of future destiny, and thus the seasons roll;  
 Worlds revolve in harmony, evolution always prime;  
 All these, God's laws, are active only just for the present time.

Could man but cease to worry and conform to nature's laws,  
 We'd know that truthful recompense must follow every cause.  
 Greed and fear would vanish and hope supreme appear,  
 God's bonds of love grow stronger in this moment that is here.

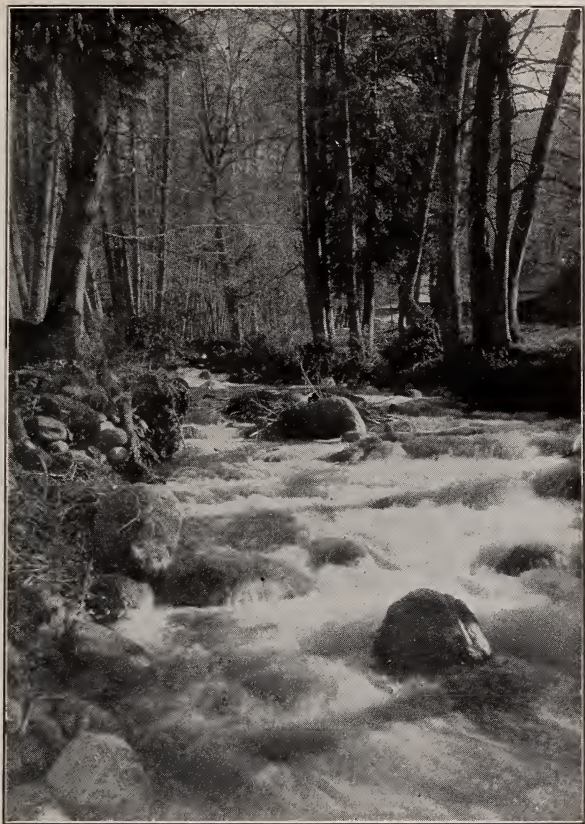
The past is gone forever, and the future never was,  
 This moment is Eternity! Give it your *best* applause.  
 By future plans and past regrets our lives are filled with flaws.  
 On Calvary's mount a Socialist paid the penalty of a crime—  
 'Twas greed and fear and pagan myths brought forth the pantomime,  
 Because He taught this greatest truth, "Now is the accepted time."

To claim that all men or nations which have become rich and great, were dishonest, would be a misstatement of the facts and is not the claim put forth in this work. The developers and all workers deserve all good things they can eat, drink, wear or use in life, and the love of all men. It is the promoters, the schemers, who have taken from others and have not returned to society a full equivalent in values; the perverter of business; he is the "scorpion, the viper, the whited sepulcher," full of dead men's bones (men he has starved), who is now controlling business. He must step down and out. To compel this we must build and install "a new order of things," allowing the workers to act as agents for society, and use a kind of money which cannot act in an atmosphere of speculation.

Exchangeable money has no values except such as we bestow upon it by our false and "religion-killing" reverence, crystallized into a seeming power through fear-fed legislating, and under this perversion of religion (not ignorance, for we know better), the worker accepts the paltry wage of seventeen cents for each dollar's worth of true values he creates. Thus he goes in debt eighty-three cents to "competition and graft" continually. At every stroke of the hammer or dash of the saw, he is doing this very thing! It is time we advertise "*A Great Sacrifice Sale*"—"Going Out of Business"! Because, "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

We need "comradeship" more than we need leaders.





A Scene in Ashland Park, Jackson County, Oregon

Soil and Climate make this Section the Italy of America.

Ashland is especially well located as to climate. The altitude is medium—cool in summer and mild in winter.



## TAINTED MONEY

I went to church one Sunday  
Not very long ago.  
A fancy singer acted prink,  
A nice young preacher led the show.  
The box came round and, come to think,  
I'd bought no ticket at the door,  
So I threw in a piece of chink.  
The usher, he looked back for more;  
The preacher made a prayerful whine,  
"God bless this pile." I nearly fainted.  
A chill of fear ran up my spine;  
I wondered if my coin was tainted.

The singers sang for wages,  
So broke the Sabbath some.  
The preacher sputtered, in a stew,  
Because the best folks stay at home.  
This made me take a careful view  
To see what kind of crowd was there.  
I found in almost every pew  
At least one "ad," for bleaching hair,  
And almost all the "women dear"  
Were counterfeit, at least were painted.  
An inkling came, with growing fear,  
"Churchianity is always tainted."

I often wonder why it is  
We never hear them pray  
Nor even thank the God of Love  
For air to breathe, or light of day.  
As mathematics always prove  
That each "effect" must match its cause,  
Thus Spirit Worship is above  
All power of wealth or carnal laws.  
The union spy, like Paul, may claim  
By crafty "calls" are spotters sainted,  
While "private interests" rule the game  
The lives of all mankind are tainted.

## THE ISSUE

Every man who produces the things we need,  
 On the farm, in the workshop or mine—  
 Even workers for wages try hard to exceed  
 In hewing direct to the line.  
 'Tis Divine Love of Justice that keeps us encouraged—  
 Has made us good soldiers and martyrs to truth,  
 But for never embracing false pride we're disparaged  
 By dollar idolators, cowards uncouth.

To take mean advantage, through foul design,  
 To get something for nothing by law,  
 Is called "competition"; but Peace must resign—  
 God's image estranged by this flaw.  
 With the workers debarred from the means of bread-getting,  
 While hungering stomachs foil Reason at times;  
 The law-favored few by their gambling and betting,  
 Bring conditions which force rebellions and crimes.

The wages paid labor have never been more  
 Than an item of cost for repairs.  
 It is just like the fuel thrown into the door  
 Of the furnace—"the bosses' affairs."  
 We corrupt little children with, "Living demands it"  
 To pay to the owners—the propertied class—  
 All the debts we may owe them—"God-ollar commands it?"  
 Debts are simply the law-given "Cross" of the mass.

The worthy producers should not be in debt  
 For creating all values men own;  
 Creed builders and traitors, for what they could get,  
 Taught the mass "for their sins to condone."  
 And 'tis thus the creators of wealth get revilement,  
 Fault-findings and venom are after them hurled;  
 Society's strength suffers wanton defilement—  
 Is Jehovah in debt for creating the world?

Justice never will hallow man's method of life  
 Until greed-nourished ownership fails;  
 As a standard of measures it causes all strife—



Fear of want, with its horrors prevails.  
 Every crime that transpires, each evil intention,  
 Is a natural growth from some "ownership seed";  
 Let Love be the bond for one human convention;  
 Private titles are simply the issue of greed.

When "Society" means the conditions of men,  
 With its strength, like a chain, "the weak link,"  
 Then Knowledge and Truth shall assail the foul den  
 Where cowards from life's duties slink;  
 But where vain rights of property laws are completed,  
 There "Peace and Good Will unto Men" suffers loss  
 (Strangled Truth may be silenced, but never defeated)  
 And the cost is our Savior on greed's bloody cross.

The Kingdom of Heaven all bosoms contain,  
 Where conscience reigns free from discord;  
 But life, made collusive to profits and gain,  
 Is ever with hell in accord.  
 When ownership ceases no sparrow shall languish,  
 But that pity and sympathy offer relief;  
 When "Home" means the Universe, none will know anguish,,  
 We'll rescue the fallen, in truth, not belief.

Say, you soap-boxers! you claim to respect Karl Marx, "Our Gene" Debs and your own little "me too Pete" for being leaders in the worker's revolution; now, listen—why do you lend your nasty abuse, which finally means "powder and lead" to those weak Paul persuaded—belated pagans, who have tried for centuries to separate our Comrade Jesus from the real revolution. He taught, "Lay not up treasures on earth (big business) but love one another, co-operate. For three hundred years they ignored the same system we are trying to "cut out." He was exactly at the head of the worker's best plans of His day or of all time. What sort of neighbor would I be in the new regime should I win all the points you ask by a nasty fight, and then go around bragging about it?

In Gal., the second chapter, Paul boasts of brow-beating the Disciples of Jesus and his brother, James. He says, "I speak as a *man*" (an attorney for business, not as a labor agitator). Br-r-r-r. And don't you forget it! From this come the many brands of Churchianity, ground out in the stained-glass-windowed-gospel-shops, but every evil, if let alone, is dead already.

## PARDON DEFEATS JUSTICE

In the book of St. Matthew, the twenty-fifth part,  
 A story is told of ten virgins;  
 It shows that oil merchants were then pretty smart,  
 Maybe one of the modern trust's origins.  
 Now, five of these girls are defamed as mere fools;  
 The other five prob'ly had access to schools—  
 Were the daughters of wealthy rogues, gamblers or preachers,  
 Always sat in the grand-stand, not out on the bleachers.

While awaiting the bridegroom the whole party dozed,  
 The five from their high spirits sinking;  
 But the five working girls, when their day's labor closed,  
 Were exhausted—beyond earnest thinking,  
 But wondered why hardships should fall to their lot,  
 While the few seemed to flourish who toil nor spin not—  
 All pleasures withheld from the worthy producers,  
 Because they are "foolish"—not rogues nor seducers.

The working class always must suffer revile,  
 And yet be denied of all credit—  
 Producing all values and remaining servile—  
 In the writings of Paul they have read it:  
 "Servants, be faithful; your masters obey.  
 Be humble and docile; never ask for more pay—  
 He's just like the Lord, with full power to damn—  
 All other religion is humbug and sham."

From "Religion" the churches have flown off the track—  
 Are submission to tyrannies teaching,  
 "The king can do no wrong," thus ever they clack,  
 And your boss is your king, they are preaching;  
 While they smother the pleadings of Jesus with lies,  
 Upbraid true ambitions, shout, "Ho, for the skies!"  
 The theory that thus serves the king's purpose here  
 Must bring hell, for no happiness issues from fear.

Do you think our Redeemer, of Wisdom Divine,  
 (He condemned all the owners of riches),  
 Could hear those five working girls plead and repine

And be gay with the five gaudy witches?  
 No! Christian means "Christ-like," and *never on earth*  
 Will His precepts flourish while children, by birth,  
 Are divided in classes, the rich few to rule,  
 While the worker buys oil or is measured a fool.

A title to property, lands or a mine  
 Is a beautiful cover for stealing;  
 The process is legal, the right is divine (?)  
 From this the whole world is appealing;  
 Both master and slave must first be released  
 From this system corrupt, though we exile the priest,  
 Though we smash old traditions, offend every creed,  
 Scoff at mercy and pardon!—'tis *Justice* we need.

He who voices the sublime truths that Jesus taught is counted "the fool of a disgraced family" for opposing Paulism, wherein "business plans" supersede love, and Heaven is "over yonder." Paul, in speaking to his chosen class, "The elected" few, "a remnant," said, "Have that mind which was also in Christ Jesus." But he advocated a condition of servitude *for the workers* which prohibits a state of true but forceful meekness. He would keep "the crafts" in a state of turmoil such as gives to evil all the power it can ever exercise.

Among all the writings by and of Paul combined, there is not as much power displayed tending to promote harmony and peace among men as is contained in the two first words of the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father."

By his zeal in promoting the interests of the upper caste, he places himself in accord with the plans for dove-tailing the business world into "My Father's Kingdom." That he succeeded is evident, for the plan was: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." And also: "This generation shall not pass, until all these things be done."

The man who prays, "Thy kingdom come," and does not fully understand; that one co-operative home, must bless this unincumbered land, *he* gabbles like a goose.

While I in covetousness exercise the false power vested in private ownership, to demand a tribute of my neighbor before he shall eat, I am not loving him as myself, and when I repeat the first commandment with my heart thus defiled, I am blaspheming.

The man who will sell his vote, or refuses to lend a hand for the right, as he sees it by not voting at all, places himself today in that same mob of thugs who cried, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

## CRUSHED HOPES

I know that I love children as well as any man,  
 And when I see them feeling bad I'll cheer them if I can;  
 I'll show them that it isn't good to go through life like mopes,  
 Nor squander this life for the next, for that would crush their hopes.

So let us say to little boys: "You must some day be men;  
 Now try to choose the better path to happiness, and then  
 You'll find 'twill be so easy to live a life that's good;  
 To do a deed that causes pain; you couldn't if you would.

Now, children, won't you think of this? We've all come here to  
 live."

'Twill make you feel lots better if some happiness you give  
 To those who haven't learned the way to wear a smiling face.  
 'Twill do you good; you'll help them much; 'twill bless the human  
 race.

First, let us find the causes that make some children mean,  
 Perhaps they've always been abused, fair play they've never seen;  
 And if you'll just consider how they're bound with unseen ropes  
 Of threatened vengeance from high, it's bound to crush their hopes.

The preachers say, or so they did a few short years ago:  
 "You're doomed to hell; you're born condemned to the regions  
 down below.

Your soul brought here, through Providence, is black as black  
 can be.

You'll make great sport for Satan, throughout eternity."

"But 'Jine our church' to worship this man—they call him god—  
 Who made all causes and effects, yet rules with the rod,  
 Who cannot love his children until some priest or pope  
 Has patched them up"—Oh, what a curse! To crush a sweet child's  
 hope.

They teach "believe" not understand God's Love and truthful laws.  
 They say the child is only safe who labors in *their* cause;  
 Dwarf knowledge, Faith and Reason, and thus the ego gropes.  
 What could be more a tempter than a child's crushed hopes?



Under this "dog-eat-dog" system, many "self-made men" have worked their way through college by building some farmer's house or painting his barn for less than it was worth to do the work, thus forcing some carpenter or painter to deny his children a schooling. This matter is fully covered in St. John, Chapter five, wherein Jesus said to the impotent man by the pool, "Wilt thou be made whole?" The man answered Him: "Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me." And the owning class sought to slay Him for healing this (condition of things). You will usually hear these men (?), half boasting and half begging someone to pet them, kindly, for their bitterness towards organized labor. "Come unto (one big union) all ye that labor and are heavy laden." Also, "Suffer (permit) little children to come unto me and (we will be in harmony)." This beats any child-labor laws wherein, for profit's sake, both master and slave are tempted to lie like the devil and offer bribes to the police.

### "SHOOT IF YOU MUST"

'Tis an emblem of Union, the flag of deep red,  
 The color of my blood and thine.  
 Its motto is, "This day, our portion of bread,  
 As I forgive debts, forgive mine."  
 "When smote on the right cheek, turn also the left,"  
 Let peace be your efforts and aim.  
 This fear-ridden system will soon be bereft,  
 Of all its false powers and claim.  
 To foreigners all, to my brothers at home,  
 I hold this red flag as a shield.  
 If soldiers shoot through it to darken my dome,  
 'Tis my blood, not the flag that I yield.  
 King Mammon is master the while we shall fight,  
 Two wrongs cannot balance, nor equal, one right.

Nearly all history has been written to suit the ruling class. Probably this is why it is not recorded that the American Colonists trained under a red flag before the Revolutionary War. That was the color of the flag used at the first battle of Bunker Hill.

To those who by their perverted faith admit of any power being vested in material wealth, the soul damaging effect is the same whether he be losing money from his millions or only fails in getting a job; both are suffering the same fear of want. Both deny Spirit, which is the source of all supply. Both are holding the world's debts to be more sacred than Life, Truth, Love and God's bountiful dominion over all, for all.

## MONEY TALKS

They who are deaf to Love and Truth,  
 May hear the voice of money talk;  
 May even say when pay-day comes,  
 "Today you'll see, the ghost shall walk."  
 Material wealth has never yet  
 Controlled the acts of one *real* man;  
 'Tis used by cowards as a rule  
 To gauge their lack of life's real plan.  
 Its law (supposed) can never win,  
 Except by force it be applied;  
 And anything requiring force  
 To keep alive, 'twere best it died.  
 If working men would not be slaves,  
 Then priests would cease to act as knaves.

The worker, who does not suffer with "moneyphobia" (but alas, they are few) loves the Divinely true principles of mechanism. He sings at his work, and is happy because it blesses all mankind.

The speculator and would-be-get-richer (and their name is legion) must sneak into the dark places of "business" and live, like the moth, by the destruction of labor's bounties. He cannot "know the true and living God," which is eternal life, and to fill the void where love should be he uses stimulants and narcotics.

Is that man honest, wise or a Christian (Christlike) who will support a business system, by his vote or otherwise, which always has and will, blast the hopes of children, crush the ambitions of youth and produce the diseased state of mind, body and morals which we endure? Let us "love our enemies and bless those that curse us," by refusing to be servile under any rulers or money kings, but allow them to be "one of us" and receive from society a salary and their share of the reward promised in "the new" commandment, which is "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Cease to stand between him and his bread, to gather a profit.

Are we men in God's image and likeness while voluntarily acting as employers and laborers, complainants and defendants, mortgagors and mortgagees, lessors and lessees, debtors and creditors, buyers and sellers? And we hate each other for no other reasons than these. Away with it all! Co-operate.

The human race may not become coagulated like a ball of putty, but we may singly and collectively guard our neighbor's welfare as our own, repudiate all debts, banish the social ills, interest, rent and profit, and thus, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments."



## WHAT PROFITETH IT?

For policy's sake we join in some plan  
Which may promise material gain.  
"Get money! be honest if you can,"  
Was a preacher's advice. Was he vain?  
And so through this modern bedlam of fear  
Runs a nightmare of failure, and its cost is too dear.

Can faith be bought? Ask the worldly-wise;  
Note results with a little child,  
When to deaden its faith, you offer some prize,  
Its pure God-love is thus defiled.  
The belief in that error nailed Truth to the Cross.  
Material worship caused Spirit's prime loss;

The value we give to material things  
Is the sale price for faith and the soul.  
To *know* Spirit's Truth, Eternal Life brings,  
Makes one free and every whit whole.  
But while we shall only *believe* we believe;  
And still worship matter Adam's death we receive.

## SABOTAGE

"Sabotage," a great dynamic word,  
Its meaning deeper than the sea,  
Product of strife, man's carnal brew;  
Like slime from tides in ocean's lee,  
Where life is always springing new;  
'Tis like "The blowing of the horns,"  
Which proves that faith, great trouble saves;  
It roars like parting of the waves  
When Moses led the captives free.  
It spells the blood from prick of thorns  
Which pierce the brow of Liberty.  
It takes the place of gun and sword,  
It measures faith, that wrong shall flee.  
It warns of vengeance from the Lord.

The out-of-works are more neighborly than other men, but we are  
all as neighborly as business will allow us to be.

## PREVARICATION

"Big dog bitee! Baby fall!  
 Black man there, behind the wall!"  
 The child thus ruled by fear and lies  
 Considers "Good" a mere disguise.  
 'Tis better to have no faith at all  
 Than first to "trust" and then despise.

Stories of police and dismal jail,  
 Split hoofs, horns and forked tail,  
 Pollute the minds of our young folks  
 Till crime and vice are "merry jokes."  
 While nations die, as morals fail,  
 God's only Son is made a hoax.

As Jesus taught "Eternal Life"  
 He scorned the names of hate and strife;  
 The same pure thoughts He proved were best  
 Still strive to rule each human breast,  
 But children born where hell is rife  
 Are dead to peace, they know no rest.

Their tender souls oft caused to burn  
 By plain deceit they fain would spurn.  
 Their field of life a narrow glade—  
 No light for growth, but murky shade.  
 And thus, it is not strange to learn,  
 For gain our saviors are betrayed.

You head-wagging, whilom wiseacres, know this: When you are answering a child's simple questions in a way to infer that there is any other power than Infinite mind, you are swindling that child out of all that life is for, or else showing it that your field of life is a barren waste.

The person suffering with cowardliness is prone to nourish that disease; he will scare himself to justify it until he has no country to love and no love to enjoy.

Such were they who maligned our Lord (law-ward) and branded Him "A perverter of the people."

The worship of material wealth constitutes that Spiritual death, which is "the last enemy to be overcome."

"Do" leads to life; "don't" results in death.

## RETROSPECTION

The man with the courage and rigor,  
Reforms, for the lowly to wield,  
Knowing hatreds, applied with full vigor,  
Has no dread for the bleak potter's field.

Who would envy the selfish their quarrels  
Or be listless, their failings to shield?  
Many brows which wore thorns 'stead of laurels,  
Have been laid in the plain potter's field.

Great sufferings and loss are required.  
Most Saviors, as martyrs, must yield;  
Let your mind be your church; thus inspired,  
Gather hopes from the old potter's field.

The tombs of old monarchs are rotting,  
Around which whole nations have kneeled;  
But sweet Peace, while her portions allotting,  
Points with joy to the big potter's field.

## WRONGFUL LAWS DO DISTORT

Who is the slave? Not only he  
Who bends his back, while boss or knave  
Applies the lash, but all who lack  
The will to clash  
With forces domineering.

While one may "own" the common needs  
Of all mankind, each may disown  
His duties plain, and need not mind  
How loss or gain  
Keeps men from "right" revering.

And with my bread guilefully held  
For ransom, hid, by law-born dread  
And soldiers guard; thus feudal tenures did  
Men's hope retard  
With freedom interfering.

## TIME WITHOUT END

He who assumes to measure time should state when it began.

Will pulpit-pounders rise and give the date?

The preachers and old Shylock deal in time that never was,

Maltreat the present moment, fill human hearts with hate;

Forcing mankind to be egotists, their natural natures stun;

Dividing the Infinite, one to command, all others to obey;

Measuring time to ripen debts—there is no other cause.

Heed only good, be born again, and greed will fade away.

Had the workers not been deceived by the false promise of riches to come through the grabbing of land, our brother, the Noble Red man, need not to have been murdered from off the earth. He would not look into "still waters" at the likeness of any man's servant, for a wage. When he wished to "lie down in green pastures," no man should say him nay. He knew that when a man is "put," in any position, he is a slave and he heeded not the threats of any hoodwinking Apostles. These things prove his nobility.

Can charity issue from that fear which prompts men to privately own God's free bounties to man? Then Love is a thief and Truth a cringing beggar.

Only by honestly doing needed work can one attain to nobleness and satisfying worth, but he who works long hours for a mere wage is like the oak which grows on a barren ridge; he is a mere scrub.

What hope he has in life is only a fungus growth; his dignity is agued, is jaundiced; he is ruined as a neighbor, a husband or a father, and to punish this man for whatever his conduct be, is only to double a social error.

There never were, nor are not now, any wicked men. We appear so because, through fear and custom we use the physical senses as an *inverted* telescope to negatively view God's Truths, and our distorted consciousness makes the impossible to appear to function as the real, that is, that the created is greater than the Creator. Thus instead of *living* "in tune with the Infinite" we harmonize only with apparent evil. These no-truths derive their influence (not power) over man, only to the extent that we "be-lieve"; give them supersedence over "dominion."

As the dew is a part of the ocean, each atom is a part of the whole; by dividing the masses as warriors, claiming each has a separate soul, crazy kings, gone mad over ownership, have weaned men away from true life, and polluted the "one present moment" with Religio-political strife.

## A STOCKBROKER'S SOLILOQUY

(A Sonnet)

That speech at the Socialist Local described my disease to the crowd;  
He told them that no man is healthy while gambling in stocks is  
allowed;

Said, "The solar plexus brings nightmare, the eyes a sickishly  
green"—

Is it possible I have the swelled head, or the ganglionic spleen?

Church logic and magic healing—all these I have tried in vain.

My Soul in anguish is writhing with a sort of uselessness pain.

Oh, give me the morning paper. Ah! my stocks have jumped a few  
points!

It is like a drink of bad whiskey to the wretches who haunt the joints.

\* \* \* \* \*

Am I duped, as smart as I thought I was?

Only a tool in old Shylock's cause,

To keep humanity ever in hell

That he and his ilk may in idleness dwell?

Oh! could the workingmen know my grief,

They'd soon join the Socialist's plan of relief.

Tom Brown had been having much trouble with his wife about property transfers; she had skinned him most mercilessly by demanding a large piece of money (to add to her idol) every time that he needed her signature to a deed. He therefore began to buy his holdings for a chum, "Sam Jons" (an unmarried man), first getting Sam to properly execute a deed to the property, leaving the name of the buyer and the date blank. This deed he would keep at the bank for future use. His dear little wife began complaining because he didn't love her any more. This is a slight glimpse of the terrible war that is raging between men and women while we shall continue to worship property before the throne of god-ollar.

Do not poison your blood with hate; you have never had an enemy from any other cause than fear, that fear which tolerates unearned increments.

While we remain busy hating the bad, we cannot be loving the good. And while we are loving the good as we should, we have not the bad that we had.



## FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE

Looking into mother's eye,  
What does the babe behold?  
A flood of grace, divine, more high  
Than words have ever told.

Frolicking in joyful glee,  
The boy as yet uncurbed,  
The only time the soul is free  
If not by fear disturbed.

But soon there come the stern behests,  
Dangers by greed its mind infests  
And sombre dogma's awful jests  
Lead on the man to needless strife,  
Cutting hopes with hunger's knife—  
The end at last a withered life.

The prevalent attitude towards the unborn child, and those feeble with age, is one of mere tolerance if not hatred; either because we cannot afford to keep them, or else we covet the powers which wealth gives to them. These conditions result from the doctrines for which Paul would curse you if you do not believe they are ordained of God. See Gal. 1:8-9.

In times of dire social distress, fire, floods, etc., we find ghouls robbing the dead. They do not drop from the sky, nor come in on wings for that particular purpose, so they must be with us now. Who are they? It is impossible to find and convict them, but we can know *what* they are. Every man whose morals have their tap root grounded in the false belief that the exchangeable dollar can impart a power greater than God, Love; that man is a ghoul. He is active here and now in this business world. The exchangeable dollar gives me the power, and the right (?) to sell the products of the labors of dead men and buy bread or meat. Does not this act border closely on a combination of ghoulishness and cannibalism? What is the cure? Acquaint all with the principles of Love; the basis of the co-operative commonwealth wherein every man shall be guaranteed a square deal and a chance to produce, honorably, and enjoy his share of life's needs.

All those who have the leisure to know the higher life, and do not count it treasure, above mere sport or strife, are "money-mad," or foolish, pleased with some lullaby, or else are sickly, ghoulish—it takes them years to die.



## EASTER MORNING

What friend is noble, worthy, leal,  
Whose gods permit him, trade and steal;  
Who does not taste of drink, nor food,  
Except he rob the meek, the good?  
Can he who lives in constant fear  
Of going broke, know friendship dear?

While priests make stock of Jesus' name,  
The Christ has risen to His shame!

After being compiled by Constantine, arch defender of property rights, and having been revised many times by servants of the master class, the new testament still states plainly that Paul, with lawyer-like hoodwinking, was a labor fakir, a union disrupter, a traitor to the cause of Heaven *here and now*. His capitalistic ideas, clothed in bigoted sophistry, have caused most of the persecutions, petilence, crime and wars since his heyday of I-me-my, master-and-slave, a-Roman-citizen oratory. Was Paul a martyr to the truth because he was (supposedly) beheaded? It would seem so, but the world's despoilers often find it cheaper to exterminate "a good tool" than to pay him for his job; moreover it keeps his mouth shut.

These statements are not more profane nor sacrilegious than when Jesus proclaimed "It is written, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, but I say unto you, return good for evil."

With "This World" religious fervor, we burn upon the brow of our fellowman the brands of "Foreigner, Drunkard, I Won't Work, Ne'er Do Well," etc., etc. Stop it! Stop it now. It is the keynote, the Hallelujah of Paulism; it is the only excuse a soldier has for killing "the enemy," and no one has called him the enemy except those who religiously (same kind) *have* the values created by labor. Paul said, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." Exactly the opposite to all the teachings of "The Prince of Peace." In fact, all the sixth and seventh chapters of Second Corinthians would justify or excuse gamblers, sharks, and strike-breakers, through all time. It is the warp and woof of this "I'm better than thou" hell we are in, and all who will stop it and repent (change your manner of worship) will find every man, his blood the color of our flag; each one will be ready to sign "The We Can Act," and let big business alone, so it can die in peace.

When we, the workers, shall cease "to buy that which is not bread"; refuse to longer fight or slave to defend "godollar," the old coward will "bow his head and give up the ghost." You know this is true! And the earth will still be here to live on.

## A CONSCRIPTION

The great pulse of love is now throbbing—  
 Bend your ear to the ground—hear a sigh?  
 It is Justice—in blindness she's sobbing—  
 Shall we listlessly see her hopes die?  
 Only cowards her cause are deserting,  
 Except those apostles of greed  
 Who live by pure precepts perverting,  
 While all human hearts sorely bleed.

'Tis useless to loiter or prattle,  
 Your strength marks a link in the chain,  
 You can't avoid place in this battle—  
 Would you court the dark ages again?  
 Do not sell for a cheap mess of pottage  
 The birthright which makes you a man,  
 Drag your life in a state of mere dotage,  
 Place your children and theirs 'neath a ban.

You may possess wealth by the millions—  
 If so, don't you want to be free?  
 Had each man the credit for billions  
 Still labor the basis would be.  
 "No riches so grand as contentment,"  
 "Ev'rybody knows more than one man,"  
 Honest methods will grow to enchantment,  
 Ev'ry soul will "love good" if it can.

Should an object control its creator?  
 Should money annihilate men?  
 Should dollars make you a man-hater,  
 Could your lot be more pleasant then?  
 Believe me, we're just on the summit,  
 Where brotherly love is supreme,  
 By your aid shall greed overcome it—  
 Make all philosophics a dream?

There's one debt we owe for existence—  
 For the privilege of breathing the air—  
 Must be paid by a constant resistance

To all customs fraught with despair.  
 No man can be worthy of honor  
 Who by greed or self-pride is defiled,  
 He's a savior who upholds labor's banner,  
 Of the living and the unborn child.

Admitting that Paul did present the truth of the Christ to "a remnant, the elect" (a class which he considered worth favoring), he thus raised it off of the foundation of society and placed "Heaven beyond the grave" for the working class. He was the only Bible writer who would deny the right of "knowing God," to the workers, the uncultured. "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him." See I. Corinthians, 2, 14. In his epistles he always addressed himself to some friend or to the church, wherein, then as now, only the upper social caste could feel welcomed. In I. Timothy, 6, he says to the workers, practically, "Your union with the Christ is already crushed; it is your boss, recognized man of God, I am serving." Read St. John, 9:16, to see what easy picking Paul had.

Beware of the abusive agitator who would charge individuals with the evils of this business world. Each man must be a coward and a hog or go broke. We all do the best we can while worshiping god-ollar. The red-eyed agitator is often getting his living (like Paul?) by keeping men divided and bewildered. The police may be instructed to not hinder, but protect him and to "finish" the trouble which he shall start. If such appear in the hall, vote him out. If he is "working" on the streets, keep away from him. If he writes "epistles" for the press, use that paper for kindling and order it stopped at once.

If institutions are made sacred by age, then priestcraft, feudalism and piracy should not have been abandoned, and Jesus was wrong when He said, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Paul said, "Love all you can without disturbing the boss' business or interfering with his 'hired hands.' The powers that be (in ownership) are ordained of God."

In the preambles to "Churchianity" we read (between the lines), "Can a man have more of Jesus in his heart than he has money in the bank?" This because one good preacher *forgot!* the working class.

Should not a man having "full dominion over all the earth" be held criminally liable for resultant conditions were he to pay interest to a usurer, rent to a loafer, or profits to a gambler? What better plan to foster laziness, greed and crime? While *we* submit to serve any private interests "for a wage" we are upholding all these things, and all our many prayers can be expressed as follows: "Damn the workless workers; but Oh, you idle rich!"

## IMMANUEL

Am I in the image of God, then God is the image of me.  
 Without me God is not complete—I am one of humanity.  
 That life which brings forth the lily as the seasons turn to Spring  
 Is as new as it was to Adam—'Tis an universal thing.

Time nor space nor matter, nor laws that govern the same,  
 Have any possible ending—why should they merit name?  
 True laws of evolution are supreme—why trouble me how?  
 Have always been and always will—there is no time but now.

But the lies of greedy rulers—what have they cost, pray tell?  
 To support their private titles they contrived a fiery hell.  
 Exhausted by cruel subduing, not able to crush love here,  
 They forged the name of Jehovah to subdue *true man* by fear.

They pictured Him a tyrant, sanctioning every crime,  
 And substituted vengeance for Eternal Love sublime.  
 Such faith belies your brother by secret evil thought,  
 And forms excuses of your own to sanction evils wrought.

But just as fast as infidels have encouraged men to think—  
 Have shown us nature's tree of life, which grows by heaven's  
     brink—  
 So fast, not any faster (in spite of priestly cant),  
 Does life become worth living and peace become extant.

When Jesus said "Our Father" He meant that life complete  
 Which governs worlds with laws of love, which causes friends to  
     meet  
 And know each other by the Soul, though parted years gone by.  
 The Christ, God's Truth, is here and now; God's image cannot die!

We still may know the Father and in that truth so grand  
 There lies the key to the coming Christ—the happy, happy land.  
 Yes, I am the image of God, for God and I are one—  
 Exactly the same as with Jesus—His only begotten (?) Son.

Yes, I am the image of God and God is the image of me.  
Men do not need to beg for help—the blessings of life are free;  
But the curse of the private title had so belied God's will,  
That they nailed a Socialist to the Cross, and they persecute us  
still.

Must I be thoroughly proficient in all the details of my adversary's schemes for profit grabbing or else indemnify him? These are rules of war, also rules of business, but they do not coincide with "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The idea of the soul of man being the private property of an individual of personified God, is the prime cause of selfishness, and the basis of the worship of wealth.

Think of naming a whiskey joint "The Old Home Saloon," which is as impossible as to step into "The little church around the corner." That is what ails them.

Strictly speaking, unless one is always in church—at one with Truth and Love—he is never in church.

All preachers who, like unto Paul, dare not offend "the powers that be," must quake in fear lest business fall, and usucaption rights shall flee.

"Call no man on this earth father." This would completely nullify the wicked and ungodly, or the material-godly, practice of transferring property values by will, or of receiving the same as an inheritance.

Is it true that the club rooms maintain a bar as a substitute for compatibility in the home? It is just as true that the boy on the streets finds the tramp life more pleasant than scolding parents at home, and all these conditions spell the best that can be obtained from the system of profits we are supporting at the ballot box.

When I think enough of gold (its power to control labor) or of land, to own it, it owns me. It is my god, and to defend it I must invite war.

The only way to "make money" is to get in the way, between men and God's gift to man. Is not such an one a thief? Can he frame any excuse which will square him with "Thy will be done"? Are they doing these things for their children's sake? Then those children have a season of shame before them.

Isn't it funny? On one side of the fence one is "the owner, the lord and master," while on the other side of the same fence he is considered deserving of, and sometimes gets, a blamed good thrashing.



## SOME LAWS SHOULD BE REPEALED

When a man has entered a corporate scheme

What does he care for the people?

When a man is nursing some party dream

What does he care for the people?

He always can manage or plan some way

To get the good people to pardon today,

And even induce them his money to borrow

By promising riches and glory tomorrow.

The man who writes mortgages every day—

What does he care for the people?

The man who looks straight up the narrow way—

What does he care for the people?

Outside the shadow of this world of ours

A constant stream of sunlight pours;

And the person so ignorant as to measure time

To enslave his brother commits a crime.

When a young man gets lazy (the competitive heart),

What does he care for the people?

He joins the N. G. to take Shylock's part—

What does he care for the people?

Diseased from the cradle by this ownership plan—

A slave to dead property is *never* a man.

When the Socialist school stops these gambling bets

We'll have nights for repose, not for ripening debts.

When any man yields to these customs of greed

What does he care for the people?

When in racing for prestige a man get up speed

What does he care for the people?

Diseased in his soul, for the mean little "me"

He injures and stagnates the entire "we."

His schooling of ignorance fills asylum and jail,

He leads, the mass follow and miserably fail.

When the dreams of the Prophets brought the property craze

What did they care for the people?

They wrote of their god to suit ownership ways—



What did they care for the people?  
 Whole nations subdued by the sword and the rod,  
 'Twas the greed of the owners, but they blamed it to God,  
 And the story of Jesus, at the Congress of Nice,  
 Was fixed to suit ownership, ignorance and vice.

History is a picture of Humanity's loss—  
 For the rulers cared not for the people.  
 There was *one Man alone*, whom they nailed to the Cross,  
 That really cared for the people.  
 And the cowardly churches have never yet dared  
 To drive greed from Heaven, the way He prepared;  
 But the Socialist Army (not an army to fight)  
 Will proclaim by the ballot *lawful greed is not right*.

One-third of the working class are living in enforced idleness or doing useless work. We could feed them much easier if they would let work entirely alone and not compete with us in the labor market.

Marriage should always mean that a man and a woman are prepared and willing to care for one or more of God's little children. That child coming into a family where the first commandment is understood to end with "\$" falls into a pit and must be "born again" before it can "know the truth" or eat of the Tree of Life.

When we shall abolish *the need* of contract, as between individuals, we will increase the songs among our children as much as it would increase the songs of birds should we put mittens on all cats.

If you'd drive the lines of care from the coming nation's brow, make the best of nature's fare—but you'll never, if not now. Concentrate your mind's endeavors, all your earnest thoughts endow with best efforts and behaviors—but you'll never, if not now.

A laughing mother is the rarest gem; why live a system that prohibits them?

Give me access to a privately-owned machine and I can soon grind out an army of the unemployed, and the larger said idle army gets to be, the cheaper and faster I will grind, to hold my job.

Until it *pays* "the taking class" to *give* work to "the making class" (beggars) we must remain idle and all our pleadings (shame) will be unheeded.

God's image does not need to be robbed by a wage from any individual; cease to work except for society.

So long as "Old Issues" command us "Now don't!" can we live our own natural selves? With ruinous schemes always kept to the front, can we live our own natural selves?

The reason why the Jew is so generally hated among plutocrats and would-be-get-richers, is because he can exhibit more than usual "business acumen" in playing the game. He makes the usurped power of god-ollar appear more as the power of love should, than we can. By *his* failure to thus achieve to happiness, may we not know that the first commandment calls us to Spirit, not material gods?

The Christ has never been "in business" and diplomatists like Constantine can never again, by "driving a bargain" with the priestcraft, crush to death a growing faith.

The worst embezzler of all is he who robs his family to pay "interest rent and profits" to a class of won't-work-speculators. "Why do ye buy that which is not bread?"

Wherever my efforts at producing wealth, surpass my personal needs, there I became a servant of society or a thief. See St John 10:1-2.

So long as a contract can contain a trick clause, and be enforced in our courts, giving undue advantage to the owning or selling class as against the welfare of the producers of wealth, war will be with us.

I do not care to attain to success by the aid of any piece of money (idol) which could not be appeased by, nor give solace and peace to some moral pervert, thief or "business" idolator, and upon leaving them has come to claim my adoration. "Get thee behind me, Satan."

He came not to call the righteous, but sinners (who have other gods—own property) to repentance.

The only rule with which to correctly measure the labor movement, is "Before Abraham was, I am."

Can you imagine there being a wage system, or the use of an exchangeable dollar, in heaven?

To take a profit in any deal, or to shift any burden onto another, is to deny the Christ.

To do the right thing at the right time makes one a hero. "Be careful how you vote."

Policy and profits cause many men to shout "Hallelujah!" who do not care a whoop for the church nor its cause.

Soul intuition, when strangled, abused, or distorted, results in mediumship or necromancy.

The greatest coward is he who knows of the blighting influence of money worship and refrains from preaching that truth.

Is it not as honorable to beg for bread as for a job, or to advertise for trade? Uncle Sam doesn't advertise postage stamps!

A man who talks about the "regulating" of privately owned business, in the interest of the public welfare, has only started towards "confiscation" and has stubbed his toe!!!

It may appear easy to die for a measure while misinformed patriots shout their applause; but the soldier whose name shall become a world treasure is he who shall manfully *live* for the cause.

As God and you and I are one, so was the "Father and the Son." Who reasons truthfully the most lives nearest to the Holy Ghost.

The best life insurance is co-operation; neighborly love is treason against god-ollar.

Exchangeable money never can buy the things really worth having, and it always buys a condition of servitude for the producer.

When the speculator asks, "What will you give me for a piece of land?" he uses just the proper words. The title he holds only represents a steal, made sometime, and many stolen profits since then, so the price he gets is given him.

Some people cannot know of their little happiness except by having lots of (borrowed) trouble to measure it by, and so some cannot know of their great poverty except by having great wealth to measure it by.

Sincere, voluntary and necessary labor, is the prayer that is always answered.

One may as well try to gain true friends by arguing that two times two are five, as by arguing to defend the merits of competition.

Selfishness and greed film the windows of the soul with pessimism and pictures of failure.

We measure "human nature" in a way to make of it an excuse for our own narrow fears. This results in the use of force.

We all love baseball, wherein the players merge their identity into the rules of the game. The world's work would be just such a game under co-operation.

The Humane Society will not allow a man to always milk a cow he refuses to feed. How about big business?

Drugs, tobacco or whiskey are not devils, but, yielding as a servant to any habit, or a person, constitutes the worship of false gods.

Never call a "business promoter" nor a "political boss" a dog; because a dog is considered man's best friend.

What a pretty and appropriate sound a church bell would have if it was cast of melted dollars.

Keeping a diary is a task at which only a few people succeed, but no one will regret carrying a note-book in which to jot down the gems of thought, the pretty little truths which call on you as a visitor; you will soon have a treasure with which you would hate to part.

To be on good terms with oneself through early life guarantees a happy old age.

## SOME QUESTIONS TO YOU

I'm all right, people's faults are human nature";

So says the man or woman who has never learned to live,

And so would argue Judas, or any thoughtless creature

Who enjoys the fruits of labor, but refuses help to give.

Take the Benedict Arnolds and all the other traitors

That oppose all human progress—put honest hopes to flight—

The penny-purchased preachers or bribe-bought legislators,

Will wind up every argument with "I'm all right!"

Those from the school of ignorance (and everybody does it);

When you speak of "human nature" you don't include yourself.

You've a fearful recollection of a "skeleton in the closet"

Of your poor, benighted neighbor, but in yours an empty shelf.

Philosophers and students of humanity's acquirements

Are agreed that human nature has been always just the same;

The love of life has been as great and men have craved retirements;

But by laws to govern property, we've played a crooked game.

Suppose from early babyhood each moment of your life,

You had lost all power of vision except through yellow glass,

You wouldn't know or care about the sallow looks of wife,

And perhaps you might imagine her "cheek" was only brass.

Each man has always been afraid he couldn't trust society;

'Twas that fear made him niggardly, was his excuse to fight;

We've worshipped private ownership—the cause of all impiety—

But blamed all faults to others, saying, "I'm all right!"

We wink at laws that favor us, forgetting how each neighbor

Will be governed in his judgment by the fairness of our claim,

Forgetting how all needs of life are only got by labor,

And with knowledge universal there'll be nothing in a name.

Should all things reproduce themselves but honor and enlightenment?

Should values all be measured by the "matter" they contain?



Each wicked thought gets fittingly, though secretly, indictment;  
Can our omnipotent Oneness be trifled with in vain?

For once be calm, forget yourself, let worldly cares float by,  
For the body is a mere effect! The soul has worth untold.  
Go meet a friend—count him a cause—look deeply in his eye,  
See God's image there imprisoned, a slave to fear and gold!  
Behind strong bars of ignorance, lean from lack of *Truth*,  
Martyr to Love and Justice! accused by greed and spite;  
Though learned, yet illiterate, polished, and still uncouth;  
While all mankind are thus accursed, *am I all right?*

Don't you know 'twould be far better if you had no wealth at all,  
But could claim the love of enemies and all the human race?  
So the meanest could develop and comply with Nature's call,  
All our children in the future be assured of boundless grace?  
Then "The Christ," the cause that Jesus tried to introduce to men,  
The cause that roused such fury in the friends of "legal might,"  
Will have broke its shell of mystery—listen! *Justice* says, "Amen."  
But till all become like children, is there *any one* all right?

This doesn't mean that manliness must suffer any loss,  
Or great achievement lessen in our business affairs;  
But as the babe is free from debts, from riches, or a boss,  
Owns nothing but a "mother's love," a father's watchful cares.  
And when we say, "Our Father, Author of human life,"  
We thus gainsay our rightful claim to private titles all,  
And, self-convicted, stand alone, the source of crime and strife;  
But still we worship property! Did *this* cause Adam's fall?

As an unsafe bridge or a dangerous road is safe-guarded by a railing and a red lantern at night, so has the prevailing business system its slums, its bread lines and its red light districts. The co-operative commonwealth offers the only open and safe road to travel.

DEAR SIR:

I find in a large majority of "business letters," there is, from "Dear Sir" to "Yours truly," a cowardly lie, a sorry bluff, or a foul cinch; this just "to play the game" with a little "English" on the cue ball.

Yours truly,  
I. M. FRAID.

## GOD OMNIPOTENT

No power exists which man has made,  
 Though fear may grant a seeming worth  
 To laws which govern work and trade;  
 Of happiness they yield a dearth;  
 Prevent "Thy Kingdom come on earth,"  
 And curse God's Image from its birth.

When any man admits "I must,"  
 He proves himself a cringing slave;  
 Devoid of "Living faith" and trust  
 In Love's "Fear not," "Be strong and brave."  
 He seeks for solace in the grave,  
 And hopes to ride oblivion's wave.

This power of money; wolfish, gaunt,  
 Is false belief; the fear of want.

The man who is "making money" cannot enjoy the sublime truths of life, which once acquired, endure forever.

If you know a lawyer who boasts of great strength because there are others who are weaker than he; who nurses a special grouch against organized labor, and who hates women because they do not make him behave as he ought to, inquire about him carefully to learn if his name might not once have been "Saul."

Let us study our campaign chart, just a minute. The few thieving cowards have their scheme all nicely cut, the "papers" are correctly signed and tucked away in the county records, amidst their collection of putrifying carrion, or "blasted hopes and crushed ambitions." Their court's lackeys drooling and straining at the leash, are whining to do their bidding: When, lo and behold! the workers, as *one*, arise and, standing erect like *man*, their eyes fixed on the Cross, emblem of "Truth's victory," firmly declare they will *no longer* bear the burdens that enslave them. They state exactly what they *will* do in full honor; for a kind of money shorn of its speculative qualities! Armies wilt and wither like "Jonah's vine"; and—listen, comrades—"Neither do I condemn thee"; and "Against such there is no law." Also, as Paul said to his "bunch of Patricians," the cane-toting gentry, while installing his "plans of business," "Work out your own Salvation"; but not "in fear and trembling." This is not required of any but rogues, and it proves his "believe *me* or be accursed" preachments to be spurious, a mere stock in trade. See page 65.



## PAUL, A D. D., AND A LAWYER

(Romans 3:7)

No evil designs were ever performed  
Except by resorting to infamous force,  
Or wearing deceit for a mask.  
No person nor people were ever alarmed  
At winning more knowledge of life's simple course;  
It lessens each arduous task.  
Where full understanding has displeased belief  
Man knows evil customs have made him a thief.  
There is no stock in trade, in gambling or cheatings,  
Half so good as that "yielding" one hears at church meetings.

No healthful mind need ever remain  
With a body decrepit; disease is like rust,  
Caused by unspiritual life.  
A money-mad Will or an opaque brain  
Is the chronic effect of "yield you must"—  
The doctrine of Paulism rife.  
There's many a man now disgracing the pulpit,  
Whose conscience would worry a poor blinded culprit,  
And teaches in ignorance, or else for his price,  
Dire vengeance on workers who dare to think twice.

And just as the robber wears cover of night,  
These Paulists teach craftily, "keep your head weak";  
All you must do is believe.  
*Our* Seers and Rounders have fixed the thing right,  
Condemned you to hell if for knowledge you seek;  
Passed judgment on old Mother Eve.  
In darkness of ignorance they ply their black arts,  
Claim God lacked of good, when he fashioned our hearts,  
And to get *their* redemption we must not ask more  
Than a mere little pittance from nature's grand store.

No Paulist nor wily political shark  
Has ever invented one handy device  
While working (I guess that's the word).  
And they each try to keep the great mass in the dark—  
Gather tribute from ignorance, the basis of vice—

These "God-chosen" (?) few from the herd.  
 The one begs for alms 'twixt a smile and a frown,  
 While Shylock pays millions to keep the mass down;  
 And the other, with laws which are part of the game,  
 Keep the people at war to prove God is to blame.

No armies are marshaled that love be enforced,  
 But ownership covers all countries with blood—  
 Disinherits the image of God.  
 The worthy producers of wealth are divorced  
 From the fruits of their labor 'tis nipped in the bud,  
 While the "powers that be" wield the rod.  
 Those cowards who truckle, those traitors who sell  
 The labor of millions to save from a hell  
 Which they have invented to keep the mass down—  
 These defend evil customs of ancient renown.

For years the Apostles had held to the scheme  
 That profits and usury lead men to crime;  
 Jesus had nullified wages.  
 And these were the teachings the priests termed "Blaspheme!"  
 Paul stood for caste prejudice, "We are sublime."  
 Thus turning man toward the dark ages.  
 While the private title our parties defend,  
 The Kingdom of Heaven can never descend  
 To bless those who labor with "Peace and Good Will"  
 But thieves will grow fat while true man suffers ill.

His doctrine of "Servants your masters obey"  
 Has been the prime logic of monarchs in greed:  
 Paul sold out the plans of the Christ.  
 "The powers that be" these Paulists still say  
 "Are ordained of God" thus corruptionists lead—  
 Keep human hearts falsely surpliced.  
 In the days of St. Paul there were riots for bread;  
 Dissensions and strife in their unions he spread.  
 Those abusers of confidence, fathers in crime,  
 Were "the powers that be," as they are at this time.

His edicts were tempered with "legal advice"

Like all schemes where many wrongs equal one right—  
Such right as is claimed by the kings—  
The right of the mass for freedom in vice,  
To bow to the powers which cause them to fight  
Over profits which honest toil brings.  
That Paul lacked the trust of his comrades is plain,  
For Peter and Jude followed after in vain,  
Pleading, denying the stories he told,  
And the church became weakened; she still honors gold.

Schooled by Gamaliel, a shrewd party boss,  
He knew well that passiveness weakens a law;  
To *know* and not *do*, is lie.  
In Pilate's court sophism drove to the cross  
The Christ, for denouncing that school as a flaw;  
"By the law," even now "He should die."  
That same power of Caesar is king to this day,  
And Judas still barter the Christ for mere pay.  
While property rights have more value than men,  
The Christ (social justice) will not come again.

The toilers pay tribute for being alive—  
Pay tribute for lacking what everyone craves,  
But custom denies them reward.  
With the foundation greed, can society thrive?  
While people are taught imbecility saves—  
That firmness offends a good Lord?  
Man's true divine conscience declares it a lie!  
But with natures perverted men cannot learn why  
All hypocrites prosper. False prophets applaud  
A system corrupt, which we know is a fraud.

So long as man's spirit unhampered, divine,  
Is considered the chattel of one man or god,  
To barter, condemn or reward;  
So long as all dollars I piffler are mine,  
Men rise or decline at my beckon or nod;  
Like Paul I am serving the lord.  
By misguided worshiping Paulism blights  
The whole human family. Property rights

Must first be respected. Detectives get pay  
For keeping the Christ (Social Justice) at bay.

We still have the same rabble, falsely informed,  
The same kind of priests serving Mammon as then,  
Who teach we must simply believe—  
Believe that God's image is sorely deformed,  
That soldiers are needed to mould them like men,  
And the Bible compiled to deceive.  
While ownership, usury, profits and rent  
Are defended by creeds, they're depraved and nocent,  
But hasten the epoch when ownership fails,  
And men live like children—where True Love Prevails.

\* \* \* \* \*

(No wonder Felix trembled.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Luke, the accredited writer of the Acts of the Apostles, was addressed by Paul as "My beloved physician," meaning then "My personal representative," or "My private secretary." All secretaries then as now, write to suit their bosses or lose their jobs. As Paul's biographer, Luke makes it plain in the Acts, after the tenth chapter, that Paul frequently quarreled with the Union Delegates (disciples), whom Jesus had chosen to complete the revolutionary movement in the labor world, so similar to the Socialist movement of today.

The Disciples plainly feared and denounced him and his methods and expressed doubt of the genuineness of his conversion to their cause, and their doubt was well established in the fact that he still remained a woman-hater and a shrewd tactician. The Acts, 16:37.

Paul, the preacher, was the private attorney of Gamaliel, an avowed plutocrat, who lived at Antioch and acted as the prime mover for the money power of that time. It was at Antioch that those labor unionists were first branded with the name "Christians," a name which was then as odious and detestable as is hobo or agitator now.

Wherever Paul went there was great strife, contentions and even rioting among the craftsmen. He at all times trained closely with the politicians and defenders of the tyrannical law which had caused the defeat of Jesus' plans, and always when pressed by the common people for an explanation, he received the support of the chiefs, the centurions, the soldiers and the courts.

After it became unsafe for him to operate in public as a disrupter of the unions, he enjoyed the defense of prison walls, and for two years a fine rented house, from which places he sent out many fine epistles to the union leaders.

All labor union spies of today must be able to use fine language with which they may express a great degree of love and fealty as a liegeman to the union which they are guiding to its ruin.

This is not an attack on Christianity, but a suggestion that Paulism and its resultant *Churchianity*, where style supersedes love, deserves an investigation as badly as does the money trust and the insidious lobby which President Wilson has recently scourged out of "My Father's House."

When we can understand the effects of unbounded selfishness, we will know the causes and history of the historyless dark ages, wherein Paul's commercializing platitudes entirely submerged the co-operative plans of Jesus.

We are bidden to love each other. God's image and likeness can, but he who loves the power of wealth has no right to pose as man. The heathen and he are equal, their gods are the gods of war; and herein lies the sequel of what god-ollar is for.

### THE BLACK FLAG

Those pirates who sailed their black flag o'er the sea,  
 Were not as depraved as we've thought them to be;  
 For they only robbed merchantmen, masters in trade,  
 Who themselves were in crime every voyage they made  
 And robbed the producers by falsehoods and guile,  
 Then robbed the consumers in true business style.

The prow of that pirate's ship cleaving the main,  
 Foretold as a Prophet, what now comes to pass;  
 The robbers still rob, floating falsehoods for gain,  
 And the losses still borne by the laboring class.

'Twas a business man's banner that waved o'er both tubs.  
 We shall scuttle both bottoms! Our fight must not lag.  
 Love's Ensign shall conquer—not bullets nor clubs.  
 Rents, interest and dividends, spell the black flag.

Every child born into this world, being in any way deficient, either physically or mentally, brings positive proof that we are blindly cursed with the fear that to keep the first commandment will not pay. This because Life, Spirit, God is not loved by us so much as is the (supposed) power of the exchangeable dollar.



## CLOSING OUT

Surcease from fear we do not find,  
 Cheer up? Ten thousand times we've tried.  
 These soul-bought riches are declined;  
 There 're better ways to suicide.

We're told our families are too small.  
 More slaves? Love 'neath the Juggernaut!  
 While starving girls to harlots fall—  
 What worker lives as humans ought?

We'll never *beg* for work again.  
 Work just to live? Not one more day!  
 We've learned to mimic business men.  
 "We're closing out; it does not pay."

## OWNERSHIP

Who firmly stands to shield the right,  
 Is bringing Peace, though fierce the fight;  
 Who knowingly will suffer loss  
 Is only fit to serve a boss;  
 The man who boasts of being good  
 Will sell the Christ, as Judas would.  
 Where bribe-takers ruled, those nations fell.

Who owns my right to earn my bread,  
 Controls my wishes, heart and head;  
 Makes all men slaves because he can,  
 Till no man dares to be a man;  
 And every sinner on the roll  
 Just can't afford to save his soul.  
 'Tis profits and graft are the fare to hell.

There are people in business who expect to profit by being civil, decent or just; that is, they practice these qualities for a price. These are the hypocrites before whom the harlots shall enter God's kingdom.

"Fear not little flock," you won't mind the shock. You shysters and skimmers, you bank-grafters, sinners. For when—We kill you as such; whom our pockets would "touch," why then—"The Father" will give you a job, job, job, and let you be men, *be men*. AMEN.





Watson's Falls, Ashland Creek, Jackson County, Oregon

Where the Pine and the Palms Meet.

The Ashland peach is world-famed for its flavor.

THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF GOD'S KINGDOM ON EARTH.  
A CONCRETE PLAN FOR ACTUAL CONSTRUCTION WORK.  
PREAMBLES

WHEREAS, That small portion of men, known as "promoters and Captains of Industry," have completely failed in their part of the (unwritten) contract, whereby the workers were to be granted fair, right and prosperous living conditions, in return for doing the world's work; and

WHEREAS, That (unwritten) promise that any man, by practicing reasonable industry, frugality and economy shall, or may become rich, proves to be fallacious;

THEREFORE, I, the undersigned, having heretofore desired, and still desiring to live in a truly honorable, peaceful, just and upright manner, and realizing the importance and gravity of this act, do affix my name to the following agreements, of my own free will and accord; giving all due credit to the works and precepts of Jesus, Son of Man, whom I believe on, understand, as the truly great Revolutionist, Way-Shower, Leader and Teacher of the workers of the world.

"THE WE CAN ACT"

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

I hereby promise and agree that I will deed and convey to the Government of the United States of America, as a unit in the World's Co-operative Commonwealth, all productive properties, whether real or personal, not required for my own or my family's needs, upon any date or such dates as shall be established for such transfers by the International Congress of the Socialist Party of the World.

I further promise and agree that on, and forever after, any date so established by said Congress, I will refuse to perform any labor, either manual or mental, for any private individual, corporation, association or concern of whatsoever kind, their agents or representatives, for pay.

I further promise and agree to render to society, under the guidance of the regularly elected, or their appointed managers of public works, to the best of my ability, all my portion of needed work, either mental or manual, *and no more*.

I further promise and agree that I will accept for all or any portion of my services so rendered to society, as my pay or wages, a non-exchangeable labor check, denoting the hours and minutes of services rendered, or commodities to measure the equivalent thereof, said checks to be cancelled when used once as money to buy any article of value.

I further promise and agree that at all times after such date, I will refuse to render to any private person or corporation any service or article of value for the payment of interest, rent, or profit.

I fully intend to say to some person, every day, between 12 and 1 o'clock, the following: "I signed 'The We Can Act' to help force every man to work who expects to eat."

(Signed) C. A. STRICKLAND.

## MODUS OPERANDI

... ..,

To help make "The We Can Act" the largest signed document ever known, proceed in the following manner:

Copy the following "list heading," get twenty-five or more signers, and send it to "Office of Behoovefulness, Ashland, Ore."

We, the undersigned, wish to add our names as signers to "The We Can Act."

No.	NAME.	WHERE BORN.	OCCUPATION.
-----	-------	-------------	-------------

1. F. U. Pleas
2. Mattie Matishun
3. John Doe

Be sure you keep a copy of the list properly numbered, and we will acknowledge receipt of it to (F. U. Pleas), the first name on the list, and explain how they are tabulated. Thus every signer may be informed where his or her name appears in the great list. We will continue this work for at least ten years if required. Any person eighteen years, or more, of age may sign "The We Can Act," and those who cannot write in English may make their mark (X) and F. U. Pleas will write the name for them.

We will report the number of signers to this list every six months to The Christian Socialist, 5437 Drexel Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; The New Review, 150 Nassau Street, New York City, and the Socialist Review, London, England.

\* \* \* \* \*

When poverty and war, the attributes of "business," shall become unbearable and drive us to a discovery of the right, they will prove to be a greater blessing than being half wrong but satisfied.

Only they who're too weak to be honest,  
Will pimp for a game that's unfair.

Fools consider everything "mean" that isn't foolish.

The man who does not join the union of his craft, nor the Socialist Local, knowing that he is receiving benefits from these organizations, is of that dangerous element in society which is ever ready to "lynch" a suspected brother, or a helpless, fallen sister.



## THE EXECUTION OF JESUS

There is kept in a small chapel at Caserta, a village twenty miles north of Naples, a thin brass tablet upon which is engraven in Hebrew characters the purported death sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate upon Jesus of Nazareth. This plate was found in the year 1280, among a quantity of records of the Kingdom of Naples, in the city of Aquila. A number of other documents were found whose genuineness were never doubted. They referred to official transactions in the Roman province about the same time as the crucifixion of the Savior. The inscription on the plate is as follows:

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross on the 25th day of the month of March, in the seventeenth year of the reign of Emperor Tiberius during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas in the Holy City of Jerusalem.

"Pontius Pilate, intendant of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment as president in the seat of the praetor, condemns Jesus of Nazareth to die on a cross, between two robbers, because of the numerous and conclusive testimony of the people as follows:

- "1. Jesus is a disturber of the peace.
- "2. Jesus has taught the people sedition.
- "3. Jesus is an enemy to the laws.
- "4. Jesus calls Himself the Son of God.
- "5. Jesus calls Himself the King of Israel.
- "6. Jesus disturbed the worship of the temple by leading a mob of people with palms in their hands.

"Quirilius Cornelius, first of the Centurions, is ordered to take the body of Jesus to the place of execution and provide the cross. All people are forbidden to appear or prevent the execution."

Then follow the names of the judges and the names of the witnesses to the various charges in the indictment. The engraving is well done and the most of the characters are still clear enough to be traced.

About the only effective charge that was brought against Jesus was that of Sabbath breaking, and this was a mere ruse by which they hoped to head off threatened labor riots. His trial was conducted in the night time and his execution took place early the next day, a proceeding entirely forbidden and unprecedented in the annals of Roman law or history.

Listen! Can you not almost hear King Agrippa chuckling yet, since he said to Paul, "Almost thou persuadest *me* to be a Christian?" Think of it; he, to join with the workers in a movement to eschew, disdain the power of wealth, that it might die of its own worthlessness, so that man, since Adam, may not be "fallen" under his load of paper titles, "The father of lies," thus allowing to each his portion of the world's work and the world's worth. "Lead us not into temptation," means we do not want material riches, "For Thine is the Kingdom."

## A PREMONITION

Columbia, I'm thinking some of buying us a farm.  
 Our family's getting pretty large—it gives me some alarm  
 To see those children growing up with nothing much to do  
 And some are getting fearful mean, abusing me and you.  
 There's just a few who seem to think they ought to run the place.  
 They're getting very boisterous, even while I say grace.  
 They've got some kind of quarrel a-going all the time;  
 Unless I get them busy they'll commit some pesky crime.

Out here behind the woodshed those miners went on strike;  
 They kicked up just an awful muss—I never saw the like.  
 They said that "Bear" abused them and took away their pay.  
 Those rascals down on Wall Street have everything their way.  
 And down there in them cotton mills—why, it nearly makes me  
     bawl—

They've got some babies working who've never played at all;  
 The poor, dear little darlings—slaving! I'll just be durned—  
 To let some lazy lubbers get money they never earned.

It seems 's tho' every day or two there's some mean, nasty row  
 About their spending money. I gad! I'll show them how  
 To tie up all the street cars or shut down every mine,  
 Because the workers won't whack up when dividends decline.  
 That business men's alliance—they think they're mighty smart—  
 H'ain't got the sand to come right out and take nobody's part,  
 They claim they're going to settle all strikes, and such as that,  
 By offering "fool agreements" that ain't worth my old hat.

I'll tell you what's the matter, wife; you know our "constitution"—  
 I don't believe it's keeping pace with the people's evolution;  
 I've got a blame good notion to bring you a great renown—  
 You start a "Primordial League" and turn things upside down;  
 Just fix it so that Parry and them that claim such bulk  
 Will have to stop their raising hell! 'cause when it's up they skulk.  
 They see some others starving and make that their excuse  
 For lying like the dickens and robbing like the deuce.

I think about election time, or at some early date,  
 I'll ask those boys that do the work to try and legislate,

And that will stop this business of all these "blanket debts."  
Why, it keeps the whole bunch busy at paying gamblers' bets.  
I'll say, "See here! You grafters, and you big promoters, too—  
I've got a job for every man! That means a job for you.  
I'll pay you, 'cause you'll work for me—pay each man for his labor—  
I'll see he gets good money, too, but it's worthless to his neighbor."

The masses kept in ignorance while bigots their minds traduce,  
They're never allowed to realize what values they produce.  
And when this brings on trouble some egotistic pup  
Will squeal for the courts and army to break the trouble up.  
And those who work the garden, producing the food for all,  
They're working four times what they should—their lives one constant thrall.

I'll stop this competition that works one man to death  
And makes a dozen vagrants; guilty for wanting breath.

They've got to stop this fooling and learn the way to vote.  
The politicians seem to have the others by the throat.  
And the ring that gets the boodle must help the grafters rob,  
But let the workers organize, they're sure to lose their job;  
Because some men who only think "let well enough alone"  
Will give the meat for profits if they can get a bone.  
And any man who dares to speak supporting labor's cause  
Is fired out and disfranchised by registration laws.

Yes, get the boys together in a PRIMORDIAL LEAGUE;  
First tell them to be honest, then form a grand colleague,  
And have them call on Uncle Sam—I'll find them all a job.  
We'll help the rich grow stronger, and none will need to rob.  
You give the poor the knowledge all greediness to daunt,  
We'll guarantee that they nor theirs shall ever come to want.  
We'll start tomorrow morning to bring this thing about.  
The Primordial League shall win. Hip! Hip! B'gosh, let's shout!

Making brick without straw did not impose upon the slaves of Egypt a more unbearable condition that is being suffered by all the classes engaged in useful and necessary labors today. The time is at hand (like the Kingdom of Heaven) for a general, or Mosaic, strike—at the ballot box.

## SOCIALISTS DO THROW BOMBS

(Here's One)

*Whoop—em—Wyoh! I'm a bad Dynamiter!!*

It is me all this scare is about.

Speak my name—and the times will get tighter,

Half-souled priests talk of "casting me out."

I'm an auto-back-action-shoot-double!

And I govern myself as I like—

Here's my plan to give plutocrats trouble:

*Use your vote* in the place of the strike.

Now, I don't blame my boss for poor wages,

For *he's* got to be mean or go broke.*This system* has blurred history's pages,

With a veritable sandbagger's joke.

Let the "boss of wardheelers" take warning—

We have *dynamite* under our hat!

And we'll march to the polls in the morning

To "blow up" their game of stand-pat.

They've divided mankind in two classes—

The good in perpetual strife,

Through environment forced on the masses

By cowards who dare not face life

As a season of growth and progression,

Which all research shows it should be,

Public weal *must* be public possession.*"Know this truth and it shall make you free."*

Listen now, and I'll just throw another—

*Kill the need for surreptitious gain!*We will meet every *man* as a *brother*,*"There'll be no more sorrow nor pain!"*Then we can live *our* Natural Natures,

Every soul like the Christ be divine.

If we wish to live peaceable creatures,

Then these "captains of greed" *must* resign.

Macaulay said, "The law of gravity would not have been accepted had it interfered with vested rights."

## A PRECEDENT

The soldiers all wear uniforms,  
 A suit which holds each in his place;  
 With shoes and cap, a cape for storms;  
 A gun supplants the iron mace.  
 Why is this so? 'tis not his choice,  
 What subtle power has fixed this law  
 To which he yields all will and voice?  
 Pours out his blood in Mammon's maw.

'Tis so in every social grade;  
 The judge his robe, the toiler, rags.  
 The thief wears clothes, the finest made;  
 Of jewels rare the gambler brags.  
*Undress them all*, remove this brand  
 Of usurped quality and worth,  
 A free and loyal race we'll stand;  
 No class shall claim they own the earth.

This thought gave Tom Carlyle much fame;  
 He bade us break the tyrant's yoke!  
 If bums and bankers are the same  
 Then poverty must be a joke.  
 So let the soldiers take the lead,  
 And when this social tension snaps,  
 Don't make us starving toilers bleed;  
 Just take our hats—give us your caps.

What boy or man can go seeking a job and not find it, or find, and by force, take a job for some private grab-it-all-boss, which is impossible, is poison to his temperament and nature, without becoming dazed, perverted, a social rebel? And all fair-minded business men are in the same leaky boat. It is *not* the police which makes us good citizens. The wonder is that we have not more criminals than we have. Here are the causes for war, in the home or among societies and nations. If you have the strength to live above these conditions you can find no better investments than to "lend a hand" in the *revolution* (don't be afraid of the word. A modern saw revolves many times to make a log into good lumber, but it proves far better than the old hand-power gang saw). We can never benefit by destructive methods nor by punishing for a weakness. To crush a man, be he a bum or a king, only leaves a hole in "My Word" like the pulling of a tooth.



## ECONOMICS

Talk about your "economics,"  
 Laying up for rainy days—  
 There are "Poker," "New York Life,"  
 "Savings Banks," and other ways.  
 But the thought of treating children  
 With the importance they deserve  
 Troubles not "The Big Promoter,"  
 'Cause it calls for "sense and nerve."

Call your baby "Child of Nature."  
 Teach it all desires are prayers.  
 Let it be a child of nature,  
 Only help it shun the snares.  
 Discipline is often folly,  
 Great deceptions 'neath it hide.  
 Show the boys great men are manly,  
 Simple, truthful, free from pride.

Teach the girl to "dare be noble,"  
 Show her plain what things are vile,  
 Trust her honor, she'll not choose them—  
 Sin may laugh, but never smile;  
 Gauge her strength with therapeutics,  
 Make a "mother's love" her throne,  
 Talk about your economics—  
 Would you mortgage such for \$ loan?

Yes, the dollar sign is silent,  
 And forevermore would be,  
 Could our children hear the Savior—  
 "Suffer them to come to Me."  
 All he taught was honest natures,  
 All he fought was "ownership";  
 All the churches lack is courage,  
 Sense and nerve, to loose their grip.

One more word for "economics":  
 Was there ever any mine

Full of precious stones or metals  
 Worth one baby—soul divine?  
 Just allow that child to love you,  
 And you'll find a better god  
 Than would "jaw and fuss" with Moses  
 Over which should wield the rod.

Economics and religion,  
 You may say, should not be mixed;  
 But they are the moulds, the temples,  
 By which aims in life are fixed;  
 If our Savior's word be taken,  
 If the Bible one believes—  
 Why, said He, "My Father's temple  
 Ye have made a den of thieves"?

You and I are just like Jesus,  
 Portions of one Great, Whole Plan;  
 He never used the name "Messiah,"  
 Called Himself "the Son of Man,"  
 To narrow down his blood relations,  
 As the "only son of a man-like god,"  
 Removes Him from life's intimations,  
 Leaves us, in the dark, to plod.

"Christ" means almost revolution—  
 Changed ideas, new designs;  
 The word applies to evolution  
 More than miracles or signs;  
 So, then, Jesus treated mostly  
 With the economic state!  
 But religion's old-style dogmas  
 Tend our Heaven to belate.

Isn't it strange that man should submit to a mere custom, which enslaves him, and then, for centuries should continue trying to "slave" himself out of slavery, when he is assured that he is the rightful heir to the whole world and all its resources? Why doesn't he just take them?—legally, of course. It seems that the great mystery of the problem lies in its extremely simple simpleness. He has only to stop letting "matters of detail" befuddle his brain, and *do* it!

## HIS LAW

Ye shall not take thought of the morrow,  
 Of what ye shall eat, drink or wear.  
 These words might a strike leader borrow  
 While pleading with scabs to act fair.  
 While Jesus, so plainly inviting  
 All labor to "come unto Me,"  
 He used the best means for uniting  
 All workers, to strike and get free!

There were multitudes idle to hear him;  
 (A strike or its equal was on.)  
 The wealthy class surely did fear him.  
 (The Union was started by John.)  
 But surely his efforts for labor,  
 Their rights to have freedom and bread,  
 Must come through his law, "Love your neighbor."  
 'Tis the greatest commandment, He said.

This means that no people can flourish  
 With class interests nagging galore.  
 Each worker must dignity cherish—  
 Do his share of the work, and *no more*.  
 When we own all machines and all power,  
 The same as the light of the sun,  
 God's love will descend like a shower;  
 God's Kingdom will then have begun.

He called every man as a brother  
 To join in one movement for peace;  
 Not in crafts, to break strikes 'gainst each other,  
 But told them all warring must cease.  
 How better to heed His glad tidings,  
 Than by joining this socialist plan?  
 To cease all industrial chidings  
 Vote for *love* as the *Father of Man*.

The man Jesus was crucified because He taught, "Stop fighting the rich man's wars." "Love one another"; do not try to get rich; "Give us *this day* our daily bread." "Do not let the fear of want drive you to hate any man."

## REVOLUTION

"My kingdom is not of this world."  
"Not knowing the Scriptures ye err."  
Our Savior such opposites hurled  
At the friends of such customs as were  
The bulwarks of sinners and sin.  
He told us such customs *must* fail,  
While no one his works shall begin  
God's kingdom can never prevail.

"Sell out, and give all to the poor,"  
Or "Thus build the great Commonwealth."  
"The usurer is a misdoer."  
(His maxims seemed good for the health.)  
His sayings should broaden our minds,  
Encourage the heart to grow strong  
In the fight against customs and kinds  
Of a world that He told us was wrong.

Ye have heard said "an eye for an eye."  
But if you would lessen discord,  
You must let every evil pass by  
And forgive; for we cannot afford  
To live from "Our Father" apart.  
And, "Come to the Father by me."  
That is, you must open your heart  
To a world that from profit is free.

The coward who kneels before gold  
Would tell us the Savior is wrong;  
God's blessings were meant to be sold;  
That the weak must give in to the strong,  
But the Socialists say, like the Christ,  
That death is the portion of all,  
Who are from God's Kingdom enticed,  
"Let Satan like lightning fall."

That noble soul, Frances Willard, believed and taught for twenty years that intemperance was the cause of poverty, until the theories of economics advanced by the Socialists convinced her that poverty is the cause of intemperance.

## HEALING THE BLIND

War there must be until freedom  
 Meets the claim of all mankind.  
 War can never be abolished  
 While its fear besets one mind.  
 Nothing yet was ever settled  
 Until it was settled right;  
 Love alone can bring men power.  
 Wealth and greed yield withering blight.

When of self we gain full knowledge,  
 This will show we must forgive.  
 This applies to wealthy monarchs,  
 Same as those who work to live.  
 Let each stop his dire suspicion  
 That *he* has a cause for crime.  
 Drop it now and love your neighbor.  
 "Now is the accepted time."

Ask yourself in solemn candor,  
 Can there be a heaven on earth  
 While one man is being measured  
 By his mean commercial worth?  
 Tell me, which deserves more pity,  
 Him debauched through griefs untold,  
 Or the man who smothers conscience  
 By his worshiping of gold.

Wealth is good while used for goodness,  
 Vainly taught most men are knaves.  
 Wealth makes cowards, more than heroes.  
 Bound by riches, men are slaves.  
 Honor ceases as a virtue  
 When to golden gods we kneel.  
 Purple robes, like Eden's garden,  
 Cannot long man's guilt conceal.

Shall we hold that "inner circles"  
 Of the lowly foster crime?



(Thus did ancient pirates argue  
While their courts were at their prime.)  
Shall we wink at legal stealings  
And ignore each baneful cause—  
Punish the effect unflinching,  
Even though by special laws?

Men of high and noble motives,  
Stand in awe as they behold  
How the courts and legislatures  
Cringe to greed, are bought and sold!  
Must our confidence in justice  
Kindle low or come to naught,  
While the war of wealth and labor  
Is once more unfairly fought?

Must the coming generation  
Feel anew the burning shame,  
When they've learned to love *their* neighbors,  
And how we have played the game?  
When society shields the welfare  
Of the least of humankind.  
They'll remember then that "Christian"  
Means the healing of the blind.

How fast are you getting rich, brother? The world's debts are all one, a green pasture for non-producers; but labor, who alone pays any debts, is groggy already; stone-blind-drunk, with our load of interest, rent and profit. We can *never* pay them! How fast are you getting rich, brother? If I am incumbered, for a home, or a gamble, I must work long hours, steady and cheap, or lose out entirely. I am doing more than my share of the world's work; I am doing a part of your work and you must remain idle unless you can please (pay) my boss better than I am doing. How fast are you getting rich, brother? But with non-transferable money in use and a square deal assured to every man, you would be as rich as if owning the whole world.

If your boss or your boss' (Sunday) boss objects to this plan, tell him that you are tired of doing *more* than your share of the work, under such terms as only invite starving slaves to underbid you in *their* struggle of Mammon worship.

None but a coward can harbor hate, or claim to own that which he has not earned.

## A PERSPECTIVE

Can it be that the Christ, the Son of Man,  
 In giving His message so true,  
 Meant "rob the masses, wherever you can,  
 Make laws just to favor the few?"  
 Did he tell his disciples (the priests of today)  
 To preach, "Believe on Me,  
 Don't prize this life, starve children and wife,  
 With 'Dominion' a false decree?"

When He said unto Peter, "Come, follow thou Me,"  
 Did He mean, just while going to town—  
 And then to preach evil (or at least let it be)  
 For fear of Old Shylock's frown?  
 There are far too many disciples today  
 Who know "His Socialist plan,"  
 But, quaking in fear of King Dollar so dear,  
 Preach Heaven away from man.

Does God in His laws of Nature True,  
 Give us reason to even surmise,  
 That it gives Him great pleasure to see us come through  
 Pain and grief to a home in the skies?  
 God's image, man, yields not to fear,  
 But trusts in Love complete,  
 When that Holy Voice makes our every choice  
 We'll have God on the judgment seat.

Now, with "The We Can Act," as a perfect scaffolding—"And, behold, the Lord stood beside a wall made by a plumbline, with a plumbline in his hand. And the Lord said unto me, 'Amos, what seest thou?' And I said, 'A plumbline.' We may build the 'house not made by hands, Eternal in the Heavens.'" (Harmony.) And every widow's cow attached, every mother and babe evicted to the street for rents unpaid, and every man whose life's savings are snatched by the tricking of a coward, these things show us the way to use the plumbline of dignity, and, "The working tools," a money that is used but once and is then cancelled like a postage stamp.

Jesus said: "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Surely from this debt-laden tree of civil-lie-rob-steal-ization we can gather nothing of moral worth; it bears only a fungus growth of "other gods" which are not even fit for fuel.

## YOUR HAPPINESS AND MINE

When you feel your neighbor's hand-clasp and you look into his eye,  
 Does the bond of union greet you as the magnet draws the steel?  
 This is love's benign endeavor fear and greed to stultify;  
 'Twas the symbol in all ages man should serve the commonweal.  
 Thus to know man's God-like image is a blessed power divine.  
 "Know thyself" contains the secret of your happiness and mine.

Never code of laws was perfect that ignored the strife for bread;  
 No system can bring harmony that forces men to fight.  
 Though wealth may be unbounded, we may starve the heart and  
 head.

Thus the soul cannot develop nor the spirit know the light.  
 Ignorance of life's plain purpose causes manhood to decline.  
 It has proved a direful hindrance to your happiness and mine.

All members of the human race are allowed to breathe the air,  
 Because it is not measured by the private title plan;  
 And all the means of living could be managed just as fair  
 If we owned productive properties as one united *man*.  
 Thus freed from fear each living soul may human good define,  
 And want would no more overcloud your happiness and mine.

Then to free men's minds from dangers which now hover over all,  
 Caused by fortune's fickle favors bringing subtlety and dread,  
 Just heed the voice of Living Truth, as Lazarus heard the call:  
 Co-operative Commonwealth! "*come forth*; thou art not dead!"  
 'Tis our worship of false powers causes heav'n to lie supine!  
 Believe! and greatly augment your happiness and mine.

To take up one's cross in Jesus' day meant to expect to be crucified  
 for the stand one had taken. The man who today will sponsor the wel-  
 fare of the workless army—that large class who were promised food and  
 shelter for their labor, by the owning class, but receive a stone (the  
 policeman's club) when asking for bread—becomes a social outcast, and  
 often a stranger in his home for his pains. As the list of signers to  
 "The We Can Act" shall grow, it will become popular to cease worship-  
 ing the god of mammon, born of the fear of cowards and all nations will  
 establish their departmental heads in readiness to manage all the world's  
 work as required for the good of all men.

## THOU SHALT NOT KILL

Society needs our protection,  
 Needs every man's earnest good will.  
 The incentive to crime needs correction.  
 To deprive one of "life" is to kill.  
 No matter what method is taken,  
 What scheme the dire issue conceals;  
 The basis of true life is shaken,  
 When a man cannot live his ideals.

Society fails in its calling,  
 Where hopes and ambitions must yield  
 To a standard of morals appalling,  
 By the light of plain justice revealed.  
 While we have this exchangeable dollar  
 We'll squander life's purpose to hoard.  
 Every child is a misguided scholar.  
 Thus, society's standard is lower'd.

Our courts are assembled to quibble,  
 Our teachers must parley with strife.  
 The thirsting soul finds a mere dribble  
 Where should be the fountain of life.  
 Society rears up the gallows  
 To double our portion of ills.  
 Craving wealth will the softest heart callous.  
 Let us vote down this system that kills.

You have heard about Black Friday, and the crime of seventy-three,  
 And in eighteen ninety-three we had a panic;  
 Do you think those great disasters were the fruits off labor's tree?  
 Were they caused by farmer, miner or mechanic?  
 But the laborer's children suffered all the pangs of slavery,  
 While the demagogues wore silks and smiles Satanic.

Don't you know how Northern Capital struck in eighteen sixty-one,  
 The recognition of their union to enforce?  
 No mean scabs sneaked in to break the strike, but labor at the gun  
 Stood valiantly for freedom, preventing the divorce.  
 There's one final struggle coming—yes, the change has now begun;  
 All the people must be master in our economic course.

## WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

I have pondered for years over troubles  
That seem to be racking men's brains—  
Cause our best men to live on the stubbles  
After profligates gather the grains,  
While the useless, the wily and wealthy,  
Or the weak, who think only in grooves,  
Having always been sick think they're healthy—  
Brooking death, which their turmoil approves.

There are men who believe that the dollar  
Atones for all manner of vice—  
That the man proves himself a great scholar  
Who debauches his Soul for a price;  
Who knowingly aid in deceptions  
Which will render the toiling mass slaves—  
Curse our whole social plan with disruptions,  
Driving Honor and Truth to their graves.

Should Society do to each person  
As that grand Golden Rule sets forth,  
Many gamblers and thieves, and the parson,  
Would denounce it for all they are worth.  
Should the children of men be permitted  
To develop as nature intends  
They would swear a great crime was committed,  
And their claim each old party defends.

As the masses advance in enlightenment  
And the fear of God's vengeance grows less,  
So does Love displace jealous excitement  
Ancient war-powers ready to bless.  
There are still a few sinners with powers  
Which other men's property gives  
Who deny that the Christ named as co-heirs  
To peace, every person that lives.



As the masses lay claim to their birthright  
 They find there's no victory complete  
 Unless they are guided by foresight  
 To forgive every foe they defeat.  
 But the cowards opposing our movement  
 Decry each harmonious note  
 In the song which proclaims our improvement—  
 They're alarmed at the Socialist vote.

And I really am pleased to note it,  
 Thought it may seem a harsh thing to say;  
 But we'll thus find the truth and we'll vote it  
 Then "to hold and to keep" will not pay.

The strength used by the child to grow in stature, to learn to walk, to talk and to play, is achieved through the incentive born of hope which is the fruits of love. The man whose soul is so commercialized, who so lives "the business life" that he cannot know a truth except it be backed up by the hard, cold cash, does not have that hope divine. Has ceased to grow. He has rejected all claim to life eternal. To appease his craving for real life, he seeks the exciting sports or poses as a philanthropist, which course only fastens the curse of death the more securely upon him. He surely is preparing to enter the next state of existence as an idiot.

We waste ninety per cent of our energies trying to secure good results from bad investments. Let us deprive the dollar of its exchangeable qualities, then it cannot carry the same values into a lie, speculators' schemes, that it does into the needs and blessings of life. Labor must always produce anew the values it renders to society; therefore, the mission of money should cease, it should be destroyed, cancelled like a postage stamp when labor exchanges it to society for any commodity. Only in this way can we "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's," and all the world today is longing to do so.

All this we may accomplish this very day, and also bring all trouble and war-makers into useful service by refusing any longer to render our true values (labor is always true values) for the use of any private interests.

We must cure the "why" or "the which" can never be made whole.

## WHA - AT NEXT !!

Say, fo' de Lawd, whaah is Ah at?  
Ah done bin tole a foolish lie;  
D-ey said dat Lincoln took de bat  
An' knocked out slabery on de fly.

Dey said "dem sojer boys in blue  
Had lubbed de niggers fru an fru";  
But hea'ahs a man arise to say,  
"Dey fit for fifty cents a day."

He says dey freed no slabes at all,  
But druv a million to der graves.  
He says dat slabery didn't fall,  
Jes private ownership in slabes.

If you-all ole back hain't green wif moss,  
You'll vote agin de private boss.

Brother and Sister: It behooves you and I to cease to recognize any "power" as being vested in exchangeable money, and to *act*, to dethrone that supposed, or viciously legislated power; or we must stand convicted of being, each a party to the crime of, again turning *man* towards the dark ages.

It is significant that in His example of a perfect prayer, Jesus said: "Thy Kingdom come (first before), Thy will (can) be done, on earth as it is in Heaven."

Human nature is the effect of society's acts reflected upon itself. This shows our crimes and shortcomings to be a disease, a disease which only faith can cure, and we are always registering our faith when we vote.

Capital and labor, as men, are not enemies more than are the farmer's team of horses while in a runaway, with the fool-dog chasing them. "And the priest passed by on the other side." Both are as much denuded of the shield of "Friendship, Love and Truth" as is the child with the nightmare. So long as the dollar in your pocket is not yours if I or any thief can get it, we cannot know the first commandment in its true import and you have *got* to be afraid of me.

No man who speculates, or gambles in any way, can live at peace with his own conscience.

When the first lot of prisoners were being taken from the Joliet, Illinois, prison to work in the "honor roll," the spokesman for those remaining called to them, "For God's sake, boys, make good! so we may all get out into the sunshine!"

#### LABOR'S CALL TO CAMP HOPE

Now men repay your mothers  
 For their trip down to death's door,  
 To bring you to this world where all  
 Should feast from nature's store;  
 We'll help you raise this mammon curse  
 Which fosters social ills.  
 Yes, we! who live down in the mud,  
 Where rest the social sills.  
 You may have erred in thought and act,  
 While striving for your rights;  
 But now we all admit the fact:  
 "He loses all who fights."  
 We call to you who bear the torch,  
 Make good, Great God! make good!

No man has ever gone so low,  
 In crime, disease, or fear,  
 But that he longed to rise again,  
 And stand a noble peer;  
 If but the power which money wields,  
 Would cease to bear him down.  
 The soul of every living man  
 Is striving for love's crown.  
 We'll yet dethrone those cowards crass,  
 Whose god is yellow gold,  
 And all the struggling laboring class  
 Are waiting to be told,  
 How crime, the riddle cannot solve.  
 Make good, Great God! make good!

"The laborer is worthy of his hire." His hire! not the bosses' hire, which is pressed on him by keeping a reserve of idle men through long hours of labor always bidding for the bosses' hire at a lower and lower price.

The serpent correctly typifies Sin personified, because it claims sole possession of any territory it occupies and inflicts the death penalty on all who question it in that right. The serpent's fangs are correctly pictured in the capitalist's police and army while protecting their paper titles. Thus private ownership is the basis of sin. All minor evil acts are incidental to this dis-ease. And it all rests on *your* false hope of "getting rich," sometime, while (worshiping) paying interest, rent and profits to a serpent.

The Scriptures contain the safe rule to guide every action of life, despite its many honest critics and blind advocates. Of them "not knowing the Scriptures ye do err." It is a story of love, Spiritual, and cannot be discerned in conjunction with material values—"other gods." It must be freed of all these before it is Love. "Behold *what manner* of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the Sons of God." This love and the business world do not mix. From this point of view, Paul was very excusable for not striving with the working class, because, that man who lives and labors for a wage, or for gain, is not of, he *has not* that which is savable. He is outside the law of life. He falsely assumes and in fear lays claim to that which no man can be: the owner of God's creation. Men can only be *man*, the sons of God, by collectively owning and managing these things through governmental departments. "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei.*"

The humpin cats! It says here, to let the land hogs foreclose all the'r mortgages, an' to let 'em pay all the taxes the polititions wants, an' support their own police and armies to defend the'r paper titles; and then we won't work for 'em! The hokey pokeys! w'y say!—if there hain't no hell, w'y what's a-body goin' to do?

Say, Sarie, whar d'ye say ye seen my pipe? (Puff, puff.) W'y this here scheem'd knock the socks off the single taxers, an' all them other city swelled-heads as wants to boss us fellers. (Puff, puff.) I don't know but I might take up with this he-ar thing ar'ter a while. (Puff, puff, puff—pipe's gone out.) Wall, I must go 'n do them chores. I've a notion to send this book to (God knows) Howard Taft, ar'ter I've re'd it an' send 'n git me a good 'un. Say, Sarie, bye gum! I'm goin' t' take this book 'n go over to Barthalemeu's this ev'nin; d'ye want to go 'long?

God is not waiting for a time nor the opportunity to do anything. His work is done, and it is "very good." But the at-one-ment does not admit of one man being a master and others being servants (as per: I-me-my; Paul). Let us work for society only. The few owners of property will soon tire of supporting their courts and armies, which exist for property's protection alone, and will hasten to be with us who happily serve for man's needs and not for interest, rent or profit; these are the "— other gods before Me" and are dead already if denied our support.

## THAT'S SO, ALL RIGHT

There isn't an ignorant child, not one,  
 In all of the human race,  
 But suffers remorse and grieves alone,  
 Aware of his dire disgrace.  
 And you and I have not the right  
 To claim we have lived complete,  
 While lack of culture entails its blight  
 On one, making youth effete.

Before God's bounteous love we stand  
 Rebuked, condemned, uncouth;  
 "The poor ye have" in every land  
 Because we exploit our youth  
 Of every privilege due the child;  
 We pamper and pet and spoil,  
 Or else by poverty's sting defiled,  
 They are driven to needless toil.

In dollars and cents we make this pay,  
 But not before Infinite Mind.  
 The business plans of the present day  
 Yield sinners, all spiritually blind.  
 Could the children of one decade be freed  
 From our idol, this dollarly curse,  
 They'd crush this system, its fears and greed,  
 And they couldn't get anything worse.

All credit means future bondage.

When money, the god of this (business) world, proves himself impotent, we ask that "the bill" be charged; also we charge a gun with which to kill, the soldier charges with sword or bayonet, a fellow is charged with a crime, the court charges the jury to convict; surely business is in charge of weak cowards, or we would cease to revere, or use "a robber's receipt" (exchangeable money) and adopt a species of accounting, which can rest (be cancelled) when its labors are done; then there will be no incentive to hoard, nor plan to capitalize a lie, and the face of man will reflect love.

A curl of the lip, or a sneer, springs from prejudice, born of that race-destroying egotism acquired in the school of business.



The day is past when one can excuse himself publicly (it was never done privately) by the claim that his brother was not "shrewd" enough to guard his own interests. We know that all that brother lacked was the "black mask" of legal stealing, a public danger, "unclean," which leads to all war; the devil which public opinion is determined to drive "into the sea with the swine."

Has your conscience ever bade you  
"Look for refuge in a wrong?"

No, not once!

Have you gained by measures crafty,  
Playing shrewd or bluffing strong?

No, not once!

The "We Can Act" is an universal labor union with no fee for joining and no dues to pay. It will revolutionize the world without strife or bloodshed. It is the first traitor-proof plan ever offered for redeeming the world. False friends cannot join and wreck it from within with poisoned love as did Paul before, for "The powers that be." Hired spies or thugs cannot defame it before the great jury—public opinion. It is what it is! "If ye are not with me, ye are against me." Smite it on the right cheek, and it can turn also the left. It will put Christianity, so long "laid off," to work again.

"In my Father's Kingdom on earth" there will be no exchangeable dollar used in payment for labor; one that can be stolen from him at night and used again the next day as a wage for his labor which is always new, a part of the worker's life; or else Jesus would not have required *His* organizers to work "without purse nor scrip."

All property is managed in the interest of its owner; then if *man* (not a man) would enjoy the fruits of labor, we must own it collectively.

While thus, interest, rent, or profit, drive the golden rule to shame, think you happiness can prosper? Can a Christian merit fame?

The man who refuses to work under unfair conditions is more honorable, though the nation perish, than he who thus works the worker, even though he live in opulence and enjoy the respect of potentates.

Is it a crime, punishable by poverty, to have the brain trained to direct the hands in the pursuit of noble and beneficial toil?

*Soul intuition*—by which one may *know* the truth, is vastly different from the church brand of faith which one gains by carnal-mindedly answering his own questions. This practice results in installing prejudice where faith should be. It is "the blind leading the blind." It pertains to material untruths and encourages property owning; "having" dumb and blind gods, idols.

## THE HONEST KICKER

Of all the men that I love best,  
 The Honest Kicker beats the rest;  
 I'll take his truth instead of grammar,  
 If he speaks as with a forging hammer,  
 Then, if his words prove a mistake  
 They will such an impression make  
 That he can fix them to the letter,  
 Then, kicking harder, say them better  
 For one free life at a time.

And he's the man, when sorrow comes  
 And mankind wails in Shylock's slums,  
 Speaks softer, sweeter words of love  
 Than angels know of "up above";  
 And he offers friendship's sacrifice  
 To war alone with wrong and vice;  
 Teaches that freedom does not mean  
 A license to be low, nor screen  
 Our lack of self-respect; Sublime.

And this man has some gems of thought.  
 He does not ask for miracles wrought,  
 But that Nature's truthful laws where broke (?)  
 Appear to him a monstrous joke;  
 Or else some villian must have lied  
 To satisfy dishonest pride.  
 He kicks, for in this unjust scramble  
 He sees our lives one monstrous gamble  
 Faith is not full where enters crime.

(Read "Marcus Aurelius")

A working man, however noble, true and pure, goes to an employer, no matter how degraded, unchaste or disreputable, and says: "I (with my labor power) am for sale. Have you arranged a steal (or bargain) whereby you can exact a profit from someone by using me (my labor power) in their service? If so, please "give" me a job.

Some hope for peace and riches now. You'll find such men, where'er you go, who have no plans for, why, or how; they know, for sure, what isn't so.

There are many Untruths to be applied to every question, but only one TRUTH, and this, if applied to only side of a question, becomes equal to an untruth.

It is written: "The iniquities of the father shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," but the writer neglected to state anything about the fathers' Virtues.

It is now about the fourth generation since Thomas Paine undertook to explore the realms of Iniquity and bring some of the father's "Virtues" to light. To do so he was obliged to use a sledge hammer of "Infidelity" and a cold chisel of "Reason" before the steel-like bands of superstition and fear could be removed from the minds of men.

His very appropriate efforts, at the opportune time, were not in vain. Today, we are enjoying more true life in three months than was possible in a whole lifetime during the Dark Ages.

Life is worth living to the extent that men have Earnestness in life. Religious opinions, Social convictions, and Character, depend on the Schooling and Training, or, strangling and distorting, which is afforded the Individual, for earnest and Truthful Self-Culture, by SOCIETY.

Jesus knew that Children's trainings  
Mark man's gauge of loss or gainings.  
Of all desires which children know  
The strongest is an equal show.

When gunpowder enabled the weak man to shoot as hard as a strong man, then "man-love" was born, and, as a lullaby from its nursery, comes the voice of Thomas Payne, gently humming our "Declaration of Independence." Now, since the box-car enables the boy to skip out and leave his grouchy old dad, the tyranny of the home is going fast, and some one of these outcasts will show the way to displace the exchangeable dollar with the labor check. Then, like a little sister to "The Rights of Man," will be born, Natural Human Nature.

All the growth we achieve socially is given us by the mental pioneers who dared to be unpopular. To brave the jungles where the priests have trembled before an echo.

Jesus did not consider "The Father, God," as a man-shaped being, a physical-like person, or He would not have prayed, "Our Father 'which' art in Heaven." He would have said "who art—"

Any man who can and does, by act or word, lend any aid to the principles of harmonious conduct in the actions of men is a world's savior.

That man will be a Christian who "just lets" God's love prevail. To be a Socialist, "just let" the Ship of Justice have full sail.

## THE ENGINE OF LIFE

There is something wrong with our engine of life,  
 Or I'm a gabbling goose;  
 She doesn't run smooth, and she's knocking hard,  
 There must be something loose!  
 I'll crawl out over the footboard, Jim;  
 You just let her run along.  
 We'll try to locate her weakness,  
 So's the workmen can make it strong.

I'll just go down underneath her,  
 And watch while she does her work;  
 You ply the throttle gently;  
 Be careful and don't let her jerk.  
 I ought to have done so sooner,  
 For I knew there was trouble to find;  
 But we've been *voting* so lately,  
 I've had most too much on my mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, I've looked the entire thing over,  
 Tried to blame no particular thing;  
 I'm satisfied now that she's crippled  
 Like a bird with a broken wing.  
 And I feel like "I haven't known nothing";  
 And you, well, you couldn't know less.  
 But we've quarreled since we left the roundhouse  
 Over what would be "smartest to guess."

Now, here's the whole thing in a nutshell—  
 The whole machine's acting the crank;  
 She will not give steam to the portholes,  
 Till they've made a check on the bank.  
 The fire lies black in the furnace;  
 The smokestack refuses to draw;  
 Because the water we're boiling  
 Has never complied with "some law."

She's choked in the chest with old titles,  
 And a thing like a priest with a book  
 Stands guard, and whenever they loosen,  
 He cowers them back with a look.  
 The effect is like rust or old cinders,  
 It's as easy as daylight to see.  
 I wonder that men called mechanics  
 Would allow such conditions to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our boss is a mighty smart fellow,  
 He's as shrewd as shrewd can be;  
 But he's busy with stocks and profits,  
 Too busy to live, 'pears to me.  
 We'll report this affair to the people,  
 They'll fix the machine next fall,  
 They'll summon the help of all labor,  
 The farmers, the miners and all.

\* \* \* \* \*

When we speak of "the voice of the people,"  
 It doesn't mean only the fools;  
 But the brightest and smartest among us  
 Will stop acting, merely as tools  
 For a system that robs us of knowledge,  
 And prevents us from living like men.  
 When brute force is buried in *Reason*  
 Then *Christ* will have come again.

The exchangeable dollar in your pocket is not your dollar if I can  
 get it; this constitutes a premium on double dealing and all manner of  
 crime. This is the incentive which prompts all speculating, stock  
 watering, etc. The worker who would earn that dollar must deliver  
 more than a dollar's worth of labor (his life) to get it. By this process  
 of "scabbing" some other worker is prevented from getting that share  
 of labor which should have been his. From this condition comes our  
 disemployed army and the few honorable "won't workers," also the  
 dishonorable won't workers, who hire the best box-seats at the theatres  
 by the month.



Every pure and holy thought looks, in its finality, towards repudiation of all debts and a denial of vested rights. It is only as we forgive our debtors that our debts can be forgiven; if this would disturb your interests it is proof that you are a king, a speculator or a gambler, and such have no place in my Father's plan.

What is a king? It is that usually unfortunate personage which is situated at the place where the desires and hopes of a people come to a focusing point. If those desires are for supremacy through military means, that focusing point will reveal a Kaiser or a T. R. (This is the "High, low" of it, the "Jack, game," and the "pedroes" are fidgeting around for a war-loan.) But, the deuce is a good card, and Uncle Sam could not bid fourteen business points without holding it. If a people are striving for financial rule, you may find the place "held down" by bankers, magnates, etc. However, for all who would live, "All that life is for" their lens-view must include only true-hearted men, like Our Honest Abe, whose heart bled for all the oppressed; Thomas Paine with his "Age of Reason"; Tom Carlyle, to crush the mace of Royalty, and the many true but Paul-blinded martyrs who have kept alive the Story of Him, The Christ, Jesus, Son of Man, with The Truth Divine, The Power of Love.

The only Power that's strong and pure,  
The only Power that can endure.

Those members of society who do not live a life of worth, are marked with full propriety, while wearing jewels of the earth. Where heads are used by social drones, or heart and hand work not for good, then deck the brow with precious (?) stones; your "neuter worth" is understood.

Should we attempt to supervise the raising of sap in each living plant, it would prove as possible and logical as to comply with the spurious claims of exchangeable money.

A dollar can be passed from man to man, and pay one hundred debts in an hour. When by "The We Can Act" man shall refuse to render his one life labor for a dollar, which, by legislation, has been given limitless lives, then this money may be started on its rightful mission, and can pay all the world's debts in ten days.

It is never so hard to adjust our troubles as it is to dread them. "To know and to understand is an universal remedy." So with "revolution" and "confiscation." Every improved method has revolutionized existing conditions and every new invention has confiscated old archaic tools, no matter who owned them, because it would "pay" to do so.

When a majority becomes aware that co-operation will pay better than competition then he who objects to confiscation will only be laughed at.

He who is not wholly free, is bound.

He whose future is pledged for debt, is a slave.

Socialists are accused of advocating many and various kinds of Socialism. The charge is false. There are different opinions regarding the *modus operandi* for bringing about the revolution, but all agree upon the one vital principle; that all properties which must be socially used, shall be publicly owned and democratically managed.

Our public schools required the same fierce struggle that all advance movements do. The property owning class often said, "Huh! tax me to educate that man's brats? Well, I guess not."

God is omnipotent. Let Him do the punishing here as well as hereafter; dismiss the police and soldiery that they may engage in useful work. By so doing the price-fixing element could not uphold their private titles four hours, and this would free other vast armies to engage in useful work. The real estate sharks, title abstractors, advertisers, bankers, stock jobbers, fake-fool-em-all-law-benders, pill mixers, political pirates, pulpit-hounding-wool-pullers, etc.

The "great earthquake" and the sun being "darkened at noon" need not alarm us, we are well accustomed to these "bankers' panics" already, and when "the curtain of the temple is rent in twain" it will reveal the light of love (God is Love) by which we may work out every detail in the case, for "Behold the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

If we, the workers of the world, will take the advice which Paul gave to his elected few, "Owe no man anything," this will fully justify us in signing "The We Can Act"—page 65.

Think of "a Christian world" (?) hiding "in the Garden"—a jungle of speculative powers which they have legislated to an exchangeable dollar, with which they may force payment of a tribute from every worker before he shall eat.

"My kingdom is not of this world." Think of this "business world" wherein men pray one day in seven, "Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors." Verily, that is often enough to practice such hypocrisy before the God of Love.

Today God is calling, "Adam, where art thou?" Comrades, let us be found clothed only in that truth which "shall make you free" when the call is heard; that is, when the *credit* of "this world" is ruined—and we are as ready for it now as we ever will be—we *must not* get mad.

If we permit ourselves to be led into any kind of a fight with any person, we will be traitors to our class and a soldier for cowards.

The man who is crazy (frightened) enough to *own* any stock in a profit-grabbing concern, is also crazy enough to take a gun and shoot his neighbor.

## THE FORMULA

"Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap"

Then plant the love of Justice in your heart.

Evil deeds cause endless sorrow o'er which the nations weep—

Then plant the love of Justice in your heart.

Though man may have dominion over all the land and sea

Does not affirm that thieves nor kings shall make a slave of me;

And when we harvest Justice such things will cease to be—

So plant the love of Justice in your heart.

Until all men have full freedom no man shall Heaven know—

Then plant the love of Justice in your heart.

No wealth was ever garnered giving half so bright a glow—

Then plant the love of Justice in your heart.

You may succeed to be a judge, or for some sinner plead,

Or be a leader of the mass, by wisdom thus decreed,

And sound through Gabriel's trumpet what all the people need,

So plant the love of Justice in your heart.

While supreme courts are going wrong and legislatures fail,

Just plant the love of Justice in your heart.

When all mankind demands the right, weird laws shall not prevail—

Then plant the love of Justice in your heart.

Society will then espouse the character of all,

And shame shall reach to every home when anyone shall fall—

All covenants based on honor, not confidence and gall,

So plant the love of Justice in your heart.

Are you the man we hear about who will not do his share?

Then plant the love of Justice in your heart.

With the strong and most ambitious your nature will compare

When you plant the love of Justice in your heart.

For *natural human nature* can never go astray.

'Twill make this life (but time for rest) one endless happy day

And prove that ownership or greed will never, never pay.

So plant the love of Justice in your heart.

In the sunshine of your conscience and with showers of peace divine,

Just plant the love of Justice in your heart.

Then armies may disband, while fear will wilt like Jonah's vine,

When you plant the love of Justice in your heart.

Then charity shall cease to heap on chanceless men chagrin,

And men shall know by Nature's plan that ignorance is sin.

The planting season, like the soil, is fair; why not begin

To plant the love of Justice in your heart?

When a man says "times are hard" or "times are good," he only measures that state of fear in which cowards tremble or take their (no) rest in their befouled nest of lies; father of that greed which prompts an inventor to take his man-blessing ideas to his grave, for fear of being robbed.

When war shall be declared by "the powers that be" we workers should refuse to talk about it at all, and if any one else speaks to us about it let us tell him, "If you will keep your mouth shut, no one will know you are foolish."

While the conference at the Hague was in session in 1907, the members were discussing what should be termed a correct "declaration of war." When the old Chink Chinaman inquired, "Suppose your nations would declare war and your people would refuse to fight; what would you do?" The silence that followed was awful.

The exchangeable dollar is always a liar, exacting a tribute where honor is due. The plain "labor check" to be cast in the fire, when used, is the genuine wage; that is true.

Business men suffer financially; the workers suffer physically, and all suffer morally and spiritually, as each must and should while he supports a plan of life wherein his dollar is worth a hundred cents to a thief.

To stand helpless before any "business man" requires the faith of a Daniel; he did not quarrel with the lions nor hold resentment for the conspirators (their business plans) which placed him in that position. By ignoring evil he lived above it as we do who sign "The We Can Act," page 65.

But when that awful sadness comes upon the workers which follows the discovery that "business" has failed, that we never did have a chance for riches, and we shall develop "hunger-phobia," then *look out!* Yes, *have a care!*

If this thought brings goose-flesh to you where *bristles would be most befitting*, you dare not "bend your ear to the ground" even now. Remember that business has always been "a skin game" and when "the worm" does turn, yours is the kind of a hide that will be "hung on the fence."







For more than forty years the city of Ashland, Ore., has nestled at the foot of the giant Siskiyou range of mountains, at the head of the Rogue River Valley. She has long borne the reputation of being the purest and coldest watered city in the west. Here a drowsy citizenship has slept contentedly for more than forty years, only dreaming of the tremendous assets nature has stored in these rugged hills to make her great. Mount Shasta, with its glaciers and eternal snows, lies but fifty miles away, as the crow flies. They saw Mount Pitt, but sixty miles distant by auto road. They had visited the Lake of the Woods and experienced the enchantment of pebble beach.

Many of them had journeyed to the tremendous marble caves—known to explorers as the “Marble Halls of Oregon”—but sixty miles from Ashland and easily accessible—one of the marvels of nature and scenic beauties of the world.

They had somnambulated along shady mountain roads some eighty miles to marvelous Crater Lake, the second highest body of water in the world—six thousand five hundred feet above the sea.

They failed to realize that these, grown so common to them by long contact, held the power to charm and inspire a world.

Every year, for more than twenty, Chautauqua lecturers of national renown and world travel had come to Ashland, and one after the other, each and all of them, feeling the inspiration and charm of the environment, have gone into ecstasy over the perspective and pronounced Ashland “a jewel on the bosom of one of the grandest landscapes the world affords.”

The various mineral springs in and near Ashland greatly add to its attractiveness as a stopover point for tourists. These springs have undisputed therapeutic worth. The waters of some of these springs is now being brought into the city, where, in one of the most beautiful natural parks in the world, is being built a watering place not surpassed by the Baden-Baden resorts of Germany.



IF ONE HAS THE BRAINS (?)

Let's reason together a while—

Make life's purpose full if we can—

Stop measuring persons as vile;

Let all people answer as *man!*

Then, if man has fallen, let's lend him a hand.

This discord is needless, when all understand

The power of Spirit, Omniscient Mind,

The law of adhesion where kind attracts kind.

As primitive man, like the child,

Knew no law but family ties,

With ownership was not beguiled—

Owned everything under the skies.

He had not yet fallen from Faith into fear.

His smile was serene—not the hypocrite's leer.

But when idol worship (the worship of gold)

Broke Love's first Commandment, his birthright was sold.

Then physical strength he invoked.

Fear of want made him, master or slave.

Love was murdered and envy provoked

Him to war from his youth to the grave.

But when genius gave weaker men weapons to fight,

The shrewd framed religion to prove might was right;

That shrewdness (the Devil) made ownership's claim,

The god which we worship today. Oh, the shame!

Now shrewdness or cunningness fails;

The mass have awakened at last.

The brainy boss weeps and assails

Every faith, but a faith in the past.

Competition is waning, its purpose is done,

And co-operation, already begun,

Brings the promise of harmony, peace, and good-will.

True, Christ-like religion its mission shall fill.

First, cowards with muscles made laws,

And *their* henchmen managed the courts;

God's image was measured as flaws  
 And subdued by misguided cohorts.  
 But the little red schoolhouse has opened its doors,  
 And the little red flag floats on all ocean shores.  
 Now the dank day of muscle, the shrewdness of brains,  
 Is yielding ot Spirit, as the bond of Love gains.

#### A BARGAIN

To a child it seems the strangest thing  
 Of all the lessons he must learn,  
     While striving hard to be a man,  
 That honest work should failure bring;  
     That men get poor because they earn  
     The things we need. He hears the plan  
 Of priceless worth; how God decreed  
     That man should live upon the earth,  
 And have dominion over all  
     The things that are of any worth.  
 Then whence should come this awful pall  
 That seems on working men to fall?  
 He figures justly and with ease  
 That God has done His share to please.

And if the laws have been so made  
     By men too frightened to be true  
     To God's upright but simple plan,  
 Why should the workers be afraid  
     To frame *good* laws and use them to  
     All failures quell?—thus give to man  
 His heritage, and stop this hell  
     Which keeps us in a constant rage.  
 We must act legally, of course;  
     And thus to claim our heritage,  
 We never need resort to force,  
 Just take God's promise at its source.  
 The boy cannot imagine why  
 A bargain always spells a lie.

"Give us *this day* our daily bread" can never be "answered" while we measure values with a kind of money which can live to go into the future, past its rightful mission, and buy bread for thieves.

# IN LIFE AND IN DEATH

We do not see our world revolve,  
Nor even know our own heart's task.  
These simple truths wear nature's mask,  
And worry not, but only bask "in life,"  
And in the present time evolve;  
They suffer the infinite to resolve,  
And so each day is born.

By constant progress all must grow;  
To cease one whit, means sure decay;  
This law is eternal! a wrong today  
Brings endless strife, a constant fray "in death."  
But "live in the present time" and know,  
As truth and evolution show,  
Each night precedes a morn.

Schooling does not make any one learned; it is simply the means by which one may acquire knowledge through the application of TRUTH to Character and Life, to attune the Individual with the Infinite, and a false method of schooling, be it older than History, can only produce false or unnatural natures among men.

Men of all kinds and nations are surely drawing closer together, and when we shall be bound by the cords of sympathy and love, then we may know that charity is a subterfuge and pardon is not needed, for we "Shall have seen the Father."

Our Bible does not give any account of the life of Jesus between the age of 12 or 13 and 31 years.

There are records kept in the temple of Persia which chronicle the important events of the world's history for many thousands of years prior to the advent of the Christian era. Among these documents there is an account of the Life and Adventures of the Man Jesus of Nazareth. A copy of these records is also kept in the Vatican at Rome, but they are suppressed because they would discommode "the powers that be."

It is therein stated, in effect, that Jesus was born to the family of Joseph, who was a carpenter and resided in Nazareth, which city was a place of refuge for such broad-minded and outspoken infidels and free thinkers as were menacing the powers of the priestcraft throughout Galilee, who were then, as now, the tools of the industrial, political and commercial bosses.

Under the blissful and strengthening influence of such social environments, Jesus was enabled to develop his Honest and Natural Nature.



When at the age of 13 (the Bible says 12) He was taken to the temple at Jerusalem to be confirmed into the dominant church, a custom which by law was mandatory and binding on each family, Jesus exhibited such wonderful knowledge of life and possessed such strong reasoning faculties that He astounded the wise men. Because of this, arrangements were made whereby He was enabled to attend school and acquire all the knowledge obtainable at Rome, then at Athens, and for a number of years He traveled and studied throughout the Orient and Persia, where He also learned the arts of the magicians and of healings with Divine Truth understandingly applied.

Upon returning to His native country He found the "worthy masses, the producers of wealth," suffering under the iron heel of the law-favored and church-encouraged tyrannizing "powers that be" to a degree that was unbearable, and a revolution, or labor war, was imminent.

His teachings of non-resistance, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you," His counsel to "resist not evil," to base all our actions on absolute justice, was threatening to thwart the insidious customs and plans of the captains of industry. This would inaugurate a system of equity, justice and love to control the affairs of men, and men COULD be honest, noble and chaste. It would dispense with the usurer, the robbers and all social parasites. It would render their armies useless and enable the very large percentage (now it is one-third) of all men engaged at useless labor to become creditable members of a happy society (Heaven), where fear, misery, greed and crime are unknown, and place the means necessary for soul culture in the reach of all.

For these, His divine precepts, He was arrested, late at night, on trumped-up charges, tried before a prejudiced court, convicted before morning and nailed to the cross during the ensuing day. The whole procedure was unlawful and unprecedented in the annals of Roman history.

With the diffusion of knowledge among the humble of mankind, crude and rudimentary though it be, hearts are throwing off fear, men are gaining courage and strength, the god of mammon ceases to be loved and worshiped because Truth proclaims it a false god.

In exactly this proportion are we becoming the followers of "The Meek and Lowly."

"Now is the accepted time," in fact this is the same time as when Jesus walked the earth and admonished the owners of wealth to forsake their evil ways, beseeching all men to live natural human nature. "(Be)come (like) unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I(t) will give you rest."

Except for the revolving motion of the world, which causes us to go into its shadow once in twenty-four hours, Time has not changed one iota since Jesus declared that priest-ridden, ownership-strangled, soldier-stained and mammon-cursed Humanity may enjoy happiness when men shall repent.

A FAREWELL TO THE BOYS OF L. U. NO. 469

(Carpenters' Union, Cheyenne, Wyo.)

We have traveled together a way toward freedom,  
 Yearning for knowledge, as good men should,  
 Seeking relief from conditions that benumb  
 Our hopes and ambitions, the strength of manhood.  
 As we part by the way let us know it is better  
 To be a true man than a property-getter.

'Tis a blessing to mingle with men of convictions—  
 Men strong in their efforts and firm in their wills;  
 To never let up in their fight with afflictions  
 Which baffle the strongest, curse the weaker with ills.  
 And let us remember, when problems are vexing,  
 That our own petty faults may be very perplexing.

Let us not be mistaken; we are banded together  
 Not just to make money or to fight with the boss,  
 But to learn and to teach than an honest man rather  
 See the right thing be done, though he suffer some loss.  
 If we follow these methods we will show the strike-breaker  
 He who injures his union would blaspheme his Maker.

All that which is good is divine and immortal,  
 And such claims the reverence of sensible men.  
 Let us hope, when we pass by this life's closing portal,  
 To work for the cause in some union again.  
 For the work that pays best under any conditions  
 Is to teach toiling man how to train his ambitions.

February 8, 1904.

There is a mutual tolerance which passes for fellowship among the citizens of "this business world," but it never approaches genuine comradeship; it is counterfeit. Rather it is comrogueship. It has none of that soul dissolving trust and love which we should all know as "God's image and likeness." Ask that woman or man who has tasted of the dregs of money-getting in the slums, but has managed to brace up and has made good with the help of a noble and self-sacrificing mate. They know!

## DO IT NOW

There's a power persuades the minds of men  
 O'er which we do not have control—  
 Fear and greed bear that power.  
 Man's greatest effort with words or pen  
 Has never yet described the Soul,  
 Though it chides him every hour.  
 And the world-famous sorcerer, prophet or seer  
 Can never get use of the soul's open ear  
 While the conscience is scourged with that petulant taunt,  
 "The body and mind are in fear of want."

Not money nor wealth, not power nor fame,  
 Will quell that awful, subtle fear—  
 Even our Redeemer wept.  
 Rulers and capitalists crouch in shame,  
 Knowing that freedom is so near,  
 And yet dare not accept.  
 "Away back from Nature" we are led in youth;  
 The rights of property supersede Truth,  
 And being made wise in the arts of pelf,  
 The soul is an alien—we know not self.

Ye powers that be, take heed of the fact  
 That compensative law must guide.  
 Failure will follow the wrong.  
 Firm justice avenges each foul compact;  
 Powerful nations court suicide  
 Where laws ignore the throng.  
 Remember the Huguenot's flight from France;  
 By the death of tyrants did Truth advance.  
 Take your stand for universal right!  
 Wealth brings only power, not infinite might.

The right to bring justice is always decreed.  
 The most depraved still love the good.  
 Seeds die before they grow.  
 The hardest of hearts are wont to bleed  
 For noble motives, if they could  
 But get the slightest show.

Millions of men live in blackest night  
 Because they are driven from what is right  
 By those who hold the legal claim  
 To plunder, subdue, deprive and maim.

Philosophers, sages and men of lore  
 Discern the gleams of occult light  
 Most wondrous to behold.  
 All men who truth and love adore  
 May share that precious, sacred right,  
 When fear shall lose its hold.  
 But with due opportunities all withheld  
 Can the soul's full purpose be paralleled?  
 And with your means of living belonging to me  
 From the shackles of fear can your mind be free?

By an unwritten law the oneness of man  
 Lays claim to each who breathes the air.  
 Who dares divide the soul?  
 'Tis customs of greed bring forth the clan,  
 Spread destitution everywhere,  
 And fear promotes the whole.  
 Stand out against wrong, to conscience give heed,  
 Stop fighting with men, but annihilate greed.  
 With love, but with firmness, refuse to comply  
 To the mandates of greed, else your life is a lie.

The kingdom, the nation, the party or class,  
 Which disregards the law of right  
 May flourish for a while.  
 Human interests and weal are in trust with the mass.  
 With the reason unnourished there follows a blight  
 Which must the soul defile.  
 And the soul is too lofty, too sacred and pure  
 To commune with greed's allies, who justice abjure.  
 There is no time to trifle; let us solemnly vow  
 We'll oppose greed and fear *with a will*—do it now.

## NINE DON'TS

Is it consistent to claim  
That love is the motto we hold,  
And still be so anxious to blame  
Our brother for failures untold?  
Jesus reproached those who knew,  
What 'twas their duty to do,  
But lived to beguile, to cheat in a trade,  
Or practice those tricks whereby fortunes are made.  
You wealthy promoters, you great money kings,  
You have no right to the swag.  
Don't be too sure of the pleasure it brings;  
Don't be too haughty; don't brag.  
Armies have turned to deliver their stings,  
And fortunes, like crowns, shall be obsolete things.

You men of the world's busy marts,  
You know you are not dealing fair;  
And peace from his presence departs  
Who cringingly fosters despair.  
Life is too grand to be spent,  
Harboring hate, discontent.  
Throw off these shackles which bind you in fear,  
Know that all human-kind cherish as dear  
The right to be noble, a chance to live sane.  
Should you their efforts defeat?  
Don't make your living by profits and gain,  
Don't sell a falsehood, don't cheat.  
You seek for Heaven, but seek it in vain.  
It is here, and within you; look up, and attain.

The man at the plow or his trade,  
And the laborer delving each day,  
Or the hobo who never has made  
A success of some "job" that will pay—  
You are the salt of the earth,  
Makers of all that's of worth.  
Make not a wage your incentive in life;  
Study the causes, the source of all strife.



Take note how that love is left out of the plan.  
 Hate being wrong, love is right.  
 Don't try to master the evils of man;  
 Don't be revengeful; don't fight.  
 To win in life's purpose no hypocrite can.  
 This truth for our motto will lengthen life's span.

### I NOW SEE"

The rappings and groans, the rattle of chains,  
 The squeaking of floors, the click of loose panes;  
 One's blood seems to curdle, fear palsies the heart;  
 Death seems opportune when the ogres start—  
 Foul murder seems pleasure, and infamous crime  
 Is a joy, when the spooks start to have their "good time."  
 But tales of the haunted house cannot compete  
 With the plans of big business to bargain and cheat.  
 Every house that is vacant, weird stories might tell,  
 Of murdered ambitions, hopes blasted to hell.  
 This whole cursed system of profits and rent,  
 Spells the weak reign of cowards o'er lives that are spent  
 In attempts to be honest, to love each his kind;  
 But the worship of wealth spells,  
 "Whereas I was blind

One time, when the world's credit was ruined, as it is now, it became necessary to "drown" all debts and paper titles from off the earth, as it is today.

There was a man living then whose name was Noah, signifying:

"Know-a-thing-or-two." He was a Socialist, at least he was not a business man or he would have been too busy grabbing things to build an ark. He had not "landed estates," nor droves of "hands" or they would not have let the "coon" get his "Ham." Yes, this man built a "The We Can Act" such as we are building today and by "voting it dry" and refusing to take any "bad (transferable) money," we shall hear above the roar of the "winds and waves," "Peace be still." Now we *must* ride this new ark through the storm which is "breaking up the ship" of business, or go under the waves as Jonah did, crying from hell, and be "vomited up" before "Nineveh" (a dwelling place) where much trouble is brewing.

There is no power apart from love, and all that power is good; those powers which shrewdness seem to prove, are counterfeit. Why should we then support a plan which yields but grief and crime, with almost everyone almost "broke," almost all the time?

## JUST PLAIN TRUTHS

With great authentic force He taught,  
And contradicted priests and scribes.  
The customs of the world He fought,  
With bitter words condemned all bribes.  
He told the publicans to cease  
Exacting more than honest fees.  
He bade the soldiers stand for peace,  
And promised joy and health and ease.

He taught "In Love is liberty,"  
He warned us of our awful plight.  
He measured all who *will not see*,  
More wicked than a Sodomite.  
And in their synagogue a man  
Whose spirit was depraved, unclean,  
He healed; but by the Christian plan,  
Of ousting crime, leaves man serene.

In words suggesting plain revolt  
He hurled invective at those laws  
Which measure weakness as a fault  
And give to hypocrites applause.  
By nearly every Truth He taught,  
He would subvert "the powers that be."  
"The poor ye have" because ye sought  
Relief, through saving property.

In parables and open word  
He told the owners of the land,  
In strongest language ever heard,  
That they before God's truth must stand,  
Condemned and doomed, forever lost,  
And nothing but entire change  
Of methods could remit the cost.  
And thus God's Kingdom He'd arrange.

He told those fishermen to "cast  
Their nets upon the proper side,"

And then He gave them power at last  
To gather men, *their* efforts guide.  
To qualify for catching men  
It seems they had to leave their boat.  
The system we have now, as then,  
Needs changing . . . simply change your vote!

Jesus worked always from the viewpoint of *mind*. In exercising His, and our, wonderful powers, he would say: "Thy sins be forgiven thee," or, "According to your faith be it unto you." In His last talk with His disciples He said of all who believe and live in the power of mind: "They shall speak with new tongues," not as the dead, in fear and (business) torment. "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them."

Notice Saul's or Paul's experience (no man is free from suspicion who changes his name). When a poor, half-roasted viper crawled out of the fire he threw it back in again. Those heathens (?) who saw it thought he was an escaped murderer. Such impressions were never made on any people by the works that Jesus did and "the poor heard Him gladly."

The labor check, to be issued by society, for hours and minutes of labor performed, and to be destroyed when used once, as money, will rid the world of fear, make impossible all stock watering, gambling and speculating, thereby reducing the world's work by one-third; thus every man may obtain ample goods, leisure and the incentive to live a noble life, with the schooling and travel to afford him a Spiritual understanding of the truths, the wonders, the beauties and the joys which "Dominion" means. It will resurrect fallen man.

The heatheness earnestly pours forth her blinded conceptions of faith, hope, adoration and homage before her idol of wood, brass or gold, just as we are doing before god-ollar; *believing* she believes it will assist her in attaining to prosperity, development, success and happiness. It is the lost Adam; lost in the belief that material sense can know of Spiritual Truths: the only Truth. From a psychic or super-consciousness of self, God's image—which she fears it will not *pay* to listen to—she is, dum-driven-cattle-like, aware that her idol is *impotent*; that failure is inevitable. Because of this soul-strife her body becomes fevered to a point of virtue-burning, her skin is of a crimson glow and shame is overpowered. Her lover sees her rosy cheeks, and he, too, being an idolatrous pervert, believes it bespeaks the bloom of health and of Motherhood-hunger. The result is we all are living a state of moral perverseness which puts the beasts and the reptiles to shame. Is it not pertinent and opportune that we have a revolution—a turning over?

## MARY MAGDALENE

The first time that Jesus made known  
 That *He* gave "the water of life"  
 He talked with a woman alone,  
 Who had failed in her calling as wife.  
 When the priests and the elders would bring Him defeat  
 They asked His authority, called him a cheat.  
 He then said, "The harlots, the publicans, too,  
 Go into God's Kingdom of Love before you."

While He dined with the rich Pharisee,  
 Where caste lines were strict and complete,  
 A woman in scarlet made free  
 To enter and weep at His feet.  
 He did not condemn her; severely He frowned,  
 On social conditions where harlots are found.  
 He freely forgave her and said to his host,  
 "Such love as this woman hath profits the most."

True love is most rare in this age,  
 But pity has taken its place.  
 Can purity act on the stage  
 That is set for foul play and disgrace?  
 And all who have joined in this mad race for wealth  
*Must* disregard purity, virtue and health;  
 Must sanction all wretchedness, however vile—  
 Be on terms of endearment with things that defile.

He urged His disciples to pray,  
 To watch, lest temptation for gain  
 Should cause them to seek after pay;  
 For thus would His efforts be vain.  
 The poor heard Him gladly, the rich did not heed.  
 His power was sufficient to heal or to feed.  
 His love was most freely bestowed on those few  
 Who love more sincerely than most mortals do.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Then such is the cross I must bear  
 Because of man's owning the ground.

With misery, grief and despair,  
My portion in all ages found.  
But, stranger than fiction, 'tis hard to believe  
The Christ-Love spurns riches; nor will it deceive.  
But dark clouds of greediness hide it from view,  
'Till life is perverted—and sane acts are few."

The white slave traffic, which is just now being discovered, has been a thorn in the side of civilization, simply because a pimp's dollar commands the same reverence as does the wage paid for a small portion (one-fifth) of the values rendered by labor.

Many of the best girls, upon being encouraged to dress a little extra nice, when they are expected to meet "young Mr. Big-wallet" at the strawberry festival, have, by their natural and complete intuition, seen through the thin veil of sham morality which drapes the throne of god-ollar. They have rightly reasoned that this procedure in its finality means placing their lives, their love and honor, on the market for a price, and in their exasperation have thrown off all restraints and plunged into the vortex of "booze and the bright lights" where the stream of dollars, flowing over the riffles of debauchery, plays an accompaniment to the counterfeit music of competition's revelry. No person would tolerate a life of shame in any degree did it not promise "easy money!" all of which is stolen by "business tactics" from the world of labor; and this because your dollar is worth one hundred cents to *me*. It is no more akin to human nature than is the delirium which accompanies a fever. It is "money-phobia" from just one viewpoint.

The real truths of life, the sublime truths, the Supreme truth; those which cannot be spoken, written nor depicted to physical sense but must be soul-discerned, are more readily acquired by the feminine mind than by the masculine. This because woman's sympathies are not so fear-ridden as man's, enabling her to the better "be" what she believes, and this is the only way to believe. The wife of Caiaphas showed this by sending to him the warning, "Have thou nothing to do with this just man" (Jesus). She would have thwarted the foul conspirators, from Rome and Antioch, which were weaving "business tactics" around the Christ to crush the truths of life and "the dignity of labor." They are one and the same. Also the two Marys were the first to know that "His truths had risen" and must *live* forever.

A sure way to stop entertaining thoughts that are not pure and wholesome is to serenely assume a state of poise and get busy thinking of noble deeds and the general welfare of all mankind. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." All evils die when left alone, but they kill every man whose trust is reposed in them.



## EVERY FIGHT A CRIME

There's but one God in all of space!  
 The armies of the world shall prove  
 That fear removed from mind leaves place  
 For nothing but the God of Love.  
 The armies of the world have learned  
 That every fight is simply crime  
 To hide grave crimes, such as are spurned  
 By *men of honor* thru all time.

And as the armies gather fast,  
 On battlefield to fight—for what?  
 From 'round the world there comes at last  
 The thot-words: "Comrades! struggle not!  
 Those foreign flags all simply hold  
 The rights of property supreme.  
 Cease cowardice; be manly, bold!  
 While hearts respond to Love—God's theme!

"Your officers are only slaves.  
 In great degree you make them act!  
 But everywhere the red flag waves  
 God's bond of Love becomes a fact!  
 So call a meeting. Act enmasse,  
 And put this question up for vote:  
 'Have cringing cowards right to pass  
 In judgment on *what* flag shall float?"

The red flag stands for blood of one color among all men. It signifies that "I refuse to kill my fellow workingmen, simply because our bosses are quarreling." It does not symbolize riot and destruction, more than has the Cross where it interfered with vested rights.

Cheer up, comrades, for every red Sunday, every Lawrence strike or every labor war in any of its many phases is only a birth-pain attending the "Second Coming" of the co-operative commonwealth. If we will but calmly forbear all resistance by physical force, serenely hold fast to all points gained, continually striving for more of justice and equality among all men, it will require only a "handful of new moons" before the new regime is established.

# THE SCOURGE OF THONGS

Woe unto ye who blindly vote  
 For prostitution in your homes.  
 And children cursed with tyrant's greed.  
 For every mortgage, bond or note  
 Which yields the rich man's palace domes,  
 A hundred workers live in need.

These city slums are of my choice,  
 For profits are their source of life;  
 'Tis putage, drink and every crime  
 I sanction, or I'd raise my voice  
 And vote, to end commercial strife—  
 'Gainst profit taking through all time.

Yes "guilty; aye, more guilty still;  
 'Twas I who struck the fatal blow"  
 By my support of party's plans  
 Which disregard my Father's will,  
 And keep mankind divided so,  
 In nations, parties, creeds and clans.

In every factory, field or mart—  
 "E'en though I make my bed in Hell"—  
 My Father's house fills all of space.  
 There is no worship in his heart  
 Who parts from love to buy or sell,  
 Takes profits from the populace.

As Jesus used the scourge of thongs,  
 His act would banish every thief  
 From private trade in man's domain,  
 And this would heal the myriad wrongs  
 Which have their base in false belief—  
 Permitting God, Good, Love; to reign.

Organized charities and fraternal bodies are striving to use the morning light of this coming "day of Jubilee." Co-operation will soon free us all from these "I'm-better-than-thou, or "Roman Citizen" ideas—Paul-like-prejudices.

## THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

There's an old and ancient Bible  
 Which relates a funny yarn  
 About the first man, Adam, who  
 Was fully grown when born.  
 He stood so tall upon the earth  
 His head reached to the skies,  
 And to the corners of the earth  
 His arms reached everywise.  
 But soon his maker (don't say God,  
 Which means all Truth and perfect law)  
 Repented, fumed, his temper thawed,  
 For Adam's feet were getting raw.  
 Should he lie down, 'twas suicide.

These commercial bugbear "makers"  
 Have been always just the same—  
 Made mostly bad mistakes, but held  
 Man's wickedness to blame.  
 Ignorance alone bears every sin,  
 Knowledge brings the reverse;  
 But when mankind attempts to know  
 The Truths of life, they get a curse;  
 This luckless theme sounds like a play  
 Whose moral points to rivalry;  
 It drives all righteousness away  
 In weak support of ownership.  
 To starve the Soul is suicide.

Among all the Bibles written  
 "Docile" figures more than "meek,"  
 But the power and wealth are given  
 To the strong, who rob the weak.  
 It shows that men like "Constantine,"  
 Whose conscience needs a salve,  
 Must draw from "inspiration" (?)  
 An excuse for what they have.  
 And what one boss may hold by force  
 The next one claims by "legal right"—  
 For saints are trained to shift remorse;

When thieves have war the honest fight.  
Thus nations end in suicide.

Does any thinking man believe  
Laws thus inspired are divine?  
There never was inspired thought  
That proved to favor "me and mine."  
And that's the plan of every scheme  
Where greed and ownership are rife;  
Men cannot worship property,  
And thus secure eternal life;  
When scripture writers undertook  
To hide their crimes of ownership,  
They forged God's name to hold that book  
A scourge to slaves, like chains or whip,  
And drove True Love to suicide.

Bible fixers have been plenty,  
They are busy to this day,  
Trying hard to keep God's message (?)  
Pruned so property will pay.  
But to hide their wicked purpose  
All of human loves divine  
Have been juggled with—polluted—  
Workers classed as sheep or vine;  
And the field of life for toilers  
Pictured same as gold or brass,  
To be owned by base despoilers—  
Shylock's priestly-favored class—  
The cause of every suicide.

Honest toilers are producing  
Far more wealth than they can buy  
Because they only get one-fifth  
Of the values they supply.  
Many more by force are idle  
Through customs—"powers that be"—  
Are Mammon-ridden, idol-bound,  
Whipped slaves to property.

When Nature's laws we dare to heed,  
 No plans for private wealth employ,  
 We'll banish fear of want and greed,  
 And help all humankind enjoy  
 Relief from thoughts of suicide.

#### ASK WHAT YE WILL

The mission of Jesus, Divine, Son of Man,  
 Was to build up the Kingdom of Love.  
 He tells us "The Father" will favor this plan,  
 For all who these methods approve.  
 His life and His blood, His death on the cross,  
 Were all with this purpose in view,  
 And all who shall heed Him can never know loss,  
 Though the powers of wealth they eschew.  
 When men shall cease praying (desire is prayer)  
 To the idols which worldly men crave;  
 When we cease business methods so foul and unfair,  
 Then the teachings of Jesus "can save."  
 We will cease from retarding the growth of the soul;  
 Then the Spirit of Love may awake.  
 When we pray for God's blessing on man as a whole  
 We'll be praying His prayer, for His sake.

Then how can we ask for the "Comforter" sent,  
 While we "own" what our fellow man needs?  
 Shall we ask God to join in our evil intent?  
 Him that never gave ownership deeds.  
 We may "ask what ye will" for God's child, Spirit-Man—  
 "Ye shall have" and can ask without shame;  
 But to ask for those "treasures" not found in His plan,  
 Can never be done "in His Name."

When every man shall serve society, and no man as an individual, shall be an employer, with all manner of service paid for by authorized agents of society in simple "labor checks," denominated, "hours and minutes," not usable between individuals, and with society owning and holding for sale, by our authorized agents, all the products of labor, with the price to be the hours and minutes required to produce the article, then every man will get full pay for his labor, and buy all he consumes or has, at cost. "Therefore, take no thought, saying What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed?"



LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

Who is my neighbor, pray tell me true,  
 Must he have slaves or gold or land?  
 By faith I love him, so do you.  
 Well-founded faith means "understand."  
 Have I by trade, or bargains shrewd,  
 Driven him to crime or conduct lewd?  
 Does he in mad-house rave and moan?  
 Because he failed, has my wealth grown?

Who is my neighbor? In business lore,  
 He is the man whom I have robbed.  
 That class, whose labors filled my store  
 Have starved for love. Their hearts have throbbed;  
 While I with fires of greed have burned,  
 A profit from the wage they earned.  
 To seek one's neighbor while the rule  
 Of gold is god, marks one a fool.

Who is my neighbor; I *need* to know,  
 Or faith in Christ will surely wane.  
 I've sought in prestige high and low,  
 Nor find him by the law of gain.  
 I asked the priest, he bade me pray;  
 He pointed out "the narrow way."  
 I asked a Socialist and he said,  
*You stand between him and his bread.*

Strange, if you are not at work for some profit-stealing boss and, perchance, offend the capitalist's courts, you get thirty days work on the rock-pile; if you are working and, perchance, offend the boss, you get a thirty-day layoff. When this system falls (soon now) and the big layoff comes, by all means, do not lose your head and allow any one to induce you to fight your brother worker, no matter what is his color, creed, or tongue.

"Selfless love" is a misnomer. Love *must* include all man and all that pertains to his happiness and perfection; "The Lord God is a consuming fire: even a jealous God."

I hear the Father's "Spirit-voice" say, "Pass the Word to every man; by comradeship, in love rejoice, and cease this dire, 'get-even' plan."

## THE I. W. W.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor,"  
 "In one big union all unite."  
 Like as yourself protect your neighbor,  
 For cringing cowards cease to fight.  
 They cowards are who give more prestige,  
 To property than weal of men.  
 Remove from trade their baneful fraughtage,  
 There'll be no war nor pillage then.

Who goes on strike to save another  
 From suffering loss or lack of pay,  
 Is acting twice the role of brother,  
 That thieves may not obstruct the way.  
 Each laborer shall receive his penny,  
 Who serves his share of social needs.  
 The schemer has no claim to any  
 Of rich rewards from bonds or deeds.

The Commonwealth must own my birthright,  
 To thus remove my fear of want.  
 "Thy will be done," insures us foresight  
 "As 'tis in Heaven." No more we'll vaunt  
 A spurious power from error gleaned.  
 "Our Father" then our bread will give.  
 With all mankind in love convened,  
 With Christ-like minds—come, let us live.

Except one has lived down in the social scale where the deadening influences of poverty are unavoidable, he cannot correctly diagnose the case of maddening idolatry which results from the private ownership of property.

Except our loves be spent in labor and our aspirations die, like seeds, to grow again, they constitute our greatest losses. It is not the things we "have" but "the life we give" that really pays.

"A little knowledge is dangerous"; but, as with a poor light, the remedy is "more knowledge."

To talk as Jesus talked, to rebuke as He rebuked, and to love as He loved is the only means by which we can, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

## NOTICE

Our Constitutions guarantee  
The right to Life and Liberty!  
And such pursuits as men shall find  
Bring happiness of every kind.  
But Justice does not set a price  
Due anyone for time unused,  
And he who gains by wrong advice  
Has every guarantee abused.

And also, on the other hand,  
We cannot boast of "Our Free Land"  
With willing men deprived of work,  
While wealthy rogues can boldly shirk.  
Though thieves have all our laws arranged,  
To break them would defame our cause.  
But Constitutions *can* be changed!  
So *labor* forms the base for laws.

"Except ye become as a little child."

I had long desired to analyze this point of logic, so I borrowed one of those Plutolator's magic reading glasses from the commercial club's office to read it by. Accidentally I was using the glass invertedly, but I saw the child go to his father, and he said, "Papa, give me your knife; I want to make some-p-m." The father frowned and said, "Run along, son; if you fool around here I will get fired, and a hundred hungry slaves are bidding 'a lower wage' for my job now."

As the boy turned away I saw him protrude his tongue, and it caught a salty tear as it trickled from off his cheek. His little fists were clinched tightly, and as he tossed his head defiantly at some unseen force (his father's enslavement) he said half aloud, "To hell with your knife; I don't want it." Noticing the position of the glass, I turned it over and read—"debauched, tramp, agitator! Sedition!!"

I hurriedly turned the glass again to have one more look at the boy, but he was gone. However, I heard, as a sort of an echo from somewhere—"have life—and have it more abundantly."

There is only one life! There is not *a life* in the fish; he, or it, is a manifestation of infinite life cognizable to mortal sense (fish sense included), in the order of sea life. Man is a higher manifestation of infinite life. It is our privilege, through Spirit understanding, to harmonize with the oneness of life, but private ownership, other gods than Spirit, keep man carnal minded and this produces the discord which prohibits our being "born of the Spirit."

## MY BIRTH-RIGHT

When all war shall cease to flourish,  
When the nations have disarmed,  
Living in that peace we cherish,  
Tell me, who will be alarmed?  
And if such be the condition  
Of affairs we long to see,  
Let us practice "Thought Union"  
To oppose all slavery.

Man objects to those things only  
Which he does not understand.  
Knowing self leaves no man lonely;  
Earnest life is strong and grand.  
When our birthright we acquire—  
That for which we hunger now—  
Then the earnest heart's desire  
Shall redeem each broken vow.

Does it make us any better  
To do what we know is wrong?  
Shall we praise the money-getter  
Who defies the good and strong?  
Are we bound upon our honor  
To drive conscience from its throne—  
Keep the frightened Soul a mourner  
Reft by fear and fear alone?

Man may sometimes choose a leader.  
Man should never have a boss.  
Borrowed thoughts make man a pleader.  
Yielding self brings only loss:  
But to serve in love is noble;  
Glory thrives by duty's plan.  
Would'st have all life's pleasures double—  
"Know thyself," and be a man!

He who lives as an adherent  
To the will of other men

Never can be "Good's Vicegerent":  
 Freedom comes by man's own ken.  
 Train the mind for active thinking  
 So that conscience be at rest:  
 Chains of love thus interlinking  
 Take the place of greed's behest.

Over the entrance to the Egyptians' Temples was inscribed the motto, "Man, know thyself." Try this plan. Never hesitate for one moment to fully and frankly *forgive* yourself. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." In this way alone, can you find yourself "naked" of all error and not "ashamed"; and this Truth you will *know*; that when doing that which made forgiveness necessary or possible, you *was not* yourself; and this "Truth shall make you free"; because man grows to be like what he likes best to be.

You are working a problem in mathematics; an error has entered into it; that is, you have failed to "be"-lieve the true principles of your work. You have trouble, worry, sickness, interest, rent, profit, conspiracies, trusts, strikes, lockouts, wars, hell—the competitive world. But to return to the problem in mathematics. The moment you discover the error you—vote—it out! It ceases to exist; it fades into complete oblivion, and never again will it claim any right to existence in your consciousness; in fact, it never did have any existence. It was a "nothing." Just like the exchangeable dollar with its debts, crime and sufferings. The labor check, to live its natural life, i. e., be used once and cease to act, is the truth in economics, which means "house keeping"—"the house builded on the rock," labor.

Socialism is not an upstart movement of recent date, but is the result of all the world's agitating, just as butter comes by churning cream.

The Supreme and Divine Truths of life are not hidden from each one of all men more than they were from Jesus; should we refuse to know or respect any values or powers other than Truth, as He did. "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." This is not a visionary dream. He was a thorough mechanic whose foundations were sure, and His teaching need not lessen one's prowess for any calling which pertains to *real life*. It is only by the idolators that any change of mind (to repent) is required, and they, by losing their life, shall find it.

Who would his self-respect retain,  
 Can never work for wage nor gain;  
 But joins the one "World's Peace" refrain,  
 Of Labor, Love and Life!



## THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING, 1950.

'Tis a bleak, dreary day, when the leaves are fast falling,  
The judge, while himself a most amiable man,  
Feels today uncongenial, easily vexed with his calling—  
A condition quite strange in this new social plan.

It is now several years since (we don't call them long now,  
For life is worth living, therefore time is a joy).  
Since the strong world's leaders, with brains and the noble brow,  
Grasped the truths taught by the Nazarene Boy.

Since thi Socialist regime began its new cycle  
And all men are free to do good all they can,  
Since such writings as Paul's and John's story of Michael  
Have enhanced to great value man's love for all man.

When knowledge brought peace, there were few to oppose it;  
We came into life like the dawn of a day;  
Long we trembled in doubt but now everyone knows it,  
It was fear and submission, priestly power blocked the way.

True, all men were not able to comprehend fully  
The importance of Freedom on everyone laid;  
The few most benighted could not give up wholly  
The idea of *selfishly* being *afraid*.

But when slaves made it known that the sellers and buyers  
Were deprived of life's fullness even more than the mob,  
Then the lawyers, the doctors, the half-a-truth liars,  
All the drummers and bummers went after a job.

The sweat-shops and mills, with their poor ventilation,  
Where babies and women had wallowed in fear,  
Were provided with healthy, home-like animations—  
All troubles were drowned without whiskey or beer.

Did not wages go down? Yes, it killed competition,  
But the standard goes higher where every one lives.  
The one vital blow was the wage abolition.  
Now each man receives just the same as he gives.

Every man was forbidden to give or take credit,  
The centralized power assumed debts for all men.  
All insolvents are clear, for the people have said it,  
And a man thus forgiven ne'er tries it again.

On this November day, while the summer is dying,  
And her sighs as of grief through the nude willows moan,  
A young man of twenty, His Honor is trying,  
Who is charged with usurping the power to loan.

This boy needs assistance and the lawyers—why, bless you,  
The people don't need them—they've all gone to work—  
If your Honor permits, for his sake I'll address you  
With the same zeal and faith as I once served the kirk.

This boy—born in sin—or in ignorance, more proper,  
(His parents were serfs from the depths of the slums)  
As compared with pure gold his whole nature is copper—  
Every stream is made bitter which through alkali comes.

I have children at home and I know as a mother,  
We need no examples in shame for our youths.  
Since Jesus was punished His precepts to smother,  
For ages we mimicked the deeds of the sleuths.

Do not punish the lad too severely, I pray you;  
Think well on this critical point in his life.  
Let a view of the crimes in all past ages stay you,  
The result of severeness while vengeance was rife.

And again, please Your Honor, as we give thanks tomorrow,  
Let all hearts melt with joy for beneficent laws.  
Every blow that is struck at effects causes sorrow;  
There's no cure for evil but removing the cause.

In his weakness he now stands condemned before conscience—  
That court which says, "My brother's keeper I am,"  
Place the boy on his honor, heap coals of munificence—  
*Justice must not weigh ignorance in the balance with sham.*

## A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

There's the Kingdom of Heaven within you  
 Which should not be with rashness subdued.  
 We shall live when in truth we begin to  
 Do all for Society's good.  
 'Tis the mental condition we cherish  
 Just as much as the food that we eat,  
 Which permits us to grow or to perish;  
 And a warped conscience never is sweet.

We must learn that each child is a Savior  
 When a natural training it wins.  
 If but True Love shall shape its behavior  
 It will never choose ignorance—sins.  
 Many wisest of men fail in living—  
 Fail for practical proof of their wills;  
 Each blasted hope brings a misgiving,  
 Conquered ambition revels in ills.

A full knowledge of life's simple virtues  
 Wouldn't harm the most simple of men,  
 And the children of Nature will not choose  
 Evil customs for pleasure again  
 When they learn that no man can know heaven  
 Until life shall be free as the air;  
 Until Love universal be given  
 To the weakest borne down with despair.

When the children receive full protection,  
 And Society bears all the blame;  
 When the outcast may strive for perfection,  
 Free from laws made for property claim;  
 Then hard drinking will not be required  
 To smother men's longings for good;  
 And the preachers may all be retired—  
 We'll praise God with True Love, as we should.

The birds of the air have no masters  
 To curb their ambitions nor love.

God doesn't bring strife nor disasters—  
 Perhaps they don't keep Him above.  
 But there's one thing needs no explanation—  
 They care not for titles nor gold—  
 What profit to gain all creation,  
 When for gain our devotions are sold?

The same temperament that makes the boy a bad boy will make the man a great man, if he is not perverted to idolatry by the ownership of property.

"How do you do." Our common salute, is surely a light, meaningless expression while we continue to do as we do. Hereafter, the best response to that salute will be, "I have signed 'The We Can Act.'"

When one comes to know the awful cost of supporting this system, with interest, rent and profits placed in the balance against wages, and realizes that we are each one a child of society, then he can draw a splendid lesson from Luke 15:17 to 20.

You cannot be two things at one time. Let us not crave a reputation as "a good hand" for the boss. Rather, "Seek ye (of any race or color) first the Kingdom of"—self-respecting manhood, in God's image and likeness—"and all these things will be added unto you." This means exactly what it did nineteen hundred years ago.

Do not sneer at Jesus for His manner of birth until you can prove that every birth is not a miracle. Were it to be conceded that His death on the Cross, and that He arose on the third day, was all a slave-scaring and hope-twisting frameup against labor, yet this could not detract in the least from the value and wonderful import of His teachings, His Life Work, "Blood." He taught us to do as He did. "Follow Me" and become rich. "Inherit the earth." He was of the working class, despised of snobs, then as now, but it is not recorded that He ever served a profit-monger for a wage, yet He wore the finest of robes and was accorded the honors due to a Potentate when He rode on an ass' colt into Jerusalem at the head of the multitudes, "and they strewed palms in the way."

In almost every case before the courts of today, involving the integrity or independence of the workers, that same disdainful retort which Jesus made before Pilate will apply: "Thou sayest I am a King" (but am I, where vested rights are affected?)

The Soul which enjoys the service  
 Of a pure and active mind  
 Will protect and shield the body  
 From disease of every kind.

## "I AM THE LIGHT"

Greed and fear had so darkened man's vision,  
 Shut the light of all Life from the Soul,  
 That we scoffed at Christ's Truth in derision,  
 And refused to grant God a parole;  
 But today, there awakens a yearning  
 To praise "Good," and cease to blaspheme,  
 And the cause of all sin, we are learning,  
 Is that "property rights" are supreme.

In the course of our psychic advancement,  
 At this time, when we overcome fear;  
 Let us guard every social enhancement,  
 'Tis, of all our grand prizes, most dear;  
 And a Voice from the past, sounds the warning,  
 "Put not in old bottles new wine."  
 By the "Light of the World" breaks the morning,  
 "Like the Sun, shall His righteousness shine."

Those teachings of Love and Compassion  
 Which will change our word "want" into "need"  
 And annihilate private possession,  
 Were the wine, put in bottles of greed.  
 Men's hearts were then sorely corrupted,  
 Noble motives were strange to the head,  
 Pride and vanity were interrupted  
 When He taught us our Spirits were dead.

Through the ages of dark superstition,  
 Shines His Life-work as firm as the Sun.  
 By His Word comes that grand manumission,  
 That "I and my Father are One."  
 And the Father, or Love's living power,  
 Still says to all turmoil—"Have rest!"  
 As we listen, it speaks in this hour,  
 That same "I" lives in every man's breast.

Live the life of that "I" to the letter;  
 All strife and resistance must cease.



Two crimes never made one crime better,  
 Living righteousness, guarantees peace.  
 Every law of the land that is broken  
 Proves that men are not ready to live  
 In the heaven which His Words betoken,  
 "I and God" my own freedom must give.

As proof of the unrighteousness of owning private property, we read in Luke 19 that Jesus, in talking to Zacchaeus, a rich man, and, of course, a sinner, said: "Today I *must* abide at *thy* house"; and before leaving there, one-half of that man's goods had been given to the poor and all wealth which he had obtained by graft, or falsehood, was refunded four-fold. In speaking of this case of confiscation, Jesus said: "The Son of Man came to *seek* and to save *that* which was lost," and also, "The works that I do shall they do also."

With the credit system ruined and the (business) world coming to an end, the most precarious condition one can be in is to be property poor. That man will understand all about the "seven-headed beast" (maintenance expenses), which John writes about in the Book of Revelations. Seek ye first the Kingdom of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

One of the most profound of truths is that where Christian faith prevails, one can "just let" all of life's details fulfill; and live, knowing that all evil has its root in frightened man-made laws to sanction ownership, which laws oppose the first commandment. Keep this one, and the others will keep you; then all faith-killing anxieties may give place to "just let" and rejoice.

Why *must* we love Jesus? Because through His teachings we are enabled to love the Love which He loved—the Love Divine—which always answers to all love with love, the love which the world is starving for.

In Jesus' parable of a householder, hiring laborers, into his vineyard as recorded in Matt. 20 we find workers being asked, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" And they answered, "Because no man hath hired us." This ought to eliminate the practice of going from place to place, begging the boss for a job. This boss hired some men early in the morning, some at the third hour (nine o'clock), some at the sixth, and at the ninth, and others at the eleventh hour (five P. M.), and at the evening he paid them all the same wage. This surely justifies the minimum wage scale as enforced by the labor unions; and then some.

Being not quite right is to be quite wrong.

Work eight hours per day, and have every alternate three months for vacation, "For my yoke is easy and my burden is light"—read "Equality," by Edward Bellamy.

## AN UNIVERSAL STRIKE

You middle class who play the game  
As helpless rounders, cheap decoys;  
Your right to life would be the same  
If you'd cease being Shylock's toys.  
Do you expect to merit fame,  
Through effort which the race annoys?

It is not capital you crave,  
But strength to free yourselves from fear.  
You only act the fool and knave,  
By making all life's needs too dear.  
For happiness you dig the grave,  
Where "Peace on Earth" doth disappear.

If you would cease to lend a hand,  
To that which isn't true and fair;  
There'd be no need of "owning" land,  
We'd own life's needs the same as air.  
You are "collecting on demand,"  
A tribute labor cannot spare.

Your place is with that noble class  
Which blesses *man* with pure good will,  
And when this test of strength shall pass  
There'll be no "middle stage" to fill.  
All men will work for good, enmasse,  
'Tis competition we must kill.

Why yield you to this awful fear  
Which robs *you* of all manly sense?  
Like drunkards craving wine or beer  
Regardless of its consequence.  
When fraud, or guile, shows riches near,  
Hark unto Love; say, "get thou hence!"

When labor ceases, for one day,  
To honor fraud, or to comply

With claims we have no right to pay,  
 Old Shylock's power will wilt and die.  
 All debts and profits fade away.  
 And man shall live without a lie.

Take a ride on the cars of a large city during the morning and evening hours, while "the shifts of hands" are in transit, to study the faces of the working class. Walk through the crowded streets during the slack hours of trading; notice the small dealer standing in his door. A horrible struggle, soul starvation, dire defeat, moral wreckage are plainly stamped on the features (the soul metre) of them all. This is an effect! The cause? It is idolatry! The never ending strife for a favorable position (it doesn't exist) before the supposed power that has been legislated to the exchangeable dollar in direct violation of the first and "the new" commandment, making fear our master, and crime our habit.

That system which Jesus and all truly brave men have opposed is being "shot off the earth" today in the European war, and the world's credit is thereby ruined. History must give great praise to the German people for "calling the bluff" of this (d)evil, business, which is "a lie, and the father of it."

### INTROSPECTION

If such a thing were possible that all the values known  
 Should be by deed and lawful claim for one man, all his own,  
 Among the world's great sinners this man would stand alone.  
 And such a thing is possible.

'Tis ownership makes slaves of us and children yet to come,  
 It forces evil methods, from the palace to the slum.  
 We should cleanse our social system of its "private title" scum.  
 And such a thing is possible.

When Jesus said to Zaccheus: "Come down from out that tree!  
 I represent the workers and your wealth belongs to me!"  
 He gave to all mankind this hint, "'Tis easy to be free."  
 And such a thing is possible.

The great magnates who rule now, like Carnegie with steel—  
 As Rockefeller handles oil or Morgan made a deal;  
 All such would find great pleasure to serve the commonweal.  
 And such a thing is possible.

The United States Congress during the session of 1914 declared: "The labor of a human being is not a commodity of commerce." This wedge we must drive home. "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." Or, sign "The We Can Act."

Were the land and machinery we now have, publicly owned and democratically managed, it would be equal to forty slaves for every family of five in America.

Just one little story for the benefit of those sickly, whipped slaves (not its critics), who may fear that unless they can malign and abuse this book, in a manner to satisfy their boss, they will lose their job or some profit.

There was a farmer, a *good* farmer, who was sorely afflicted with the disease, or habit, of swearing; which disease was an effect of his false gospel of *life*. He knew no purpose in life except to hoard, hoard, hoard, and yet he was poor. (This made him a bad farmer.) Every thought which he wished to convey to you had to be winnowed out of a long rigmarole of vile profanity.

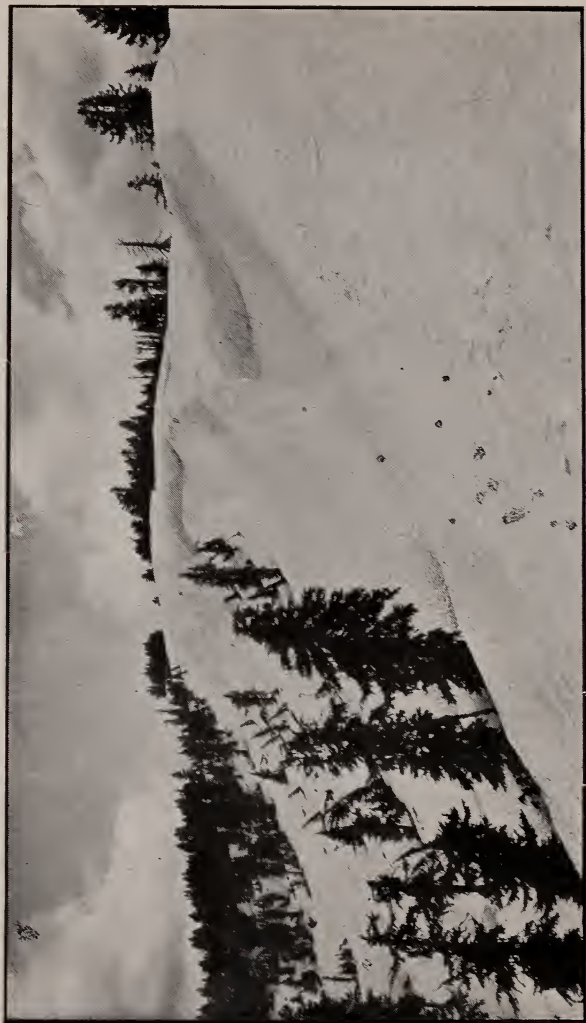
He had two sons in school who, being not yet thus diseased, loved to romp and commune with nature in her truthfulness.

One evening, at supper (this was in the country), these boys, just to feel of their dad, began talking of the fine string of fish they would catch on the following Saturday. The father, after swearing long enough, gave the boys to understand that on Saturday the apples must be gathered and taken to the cidermill; accordingly, on Saturday, the boys picked up the apples and put them into the wagon; then they hitched up the horses and the father (still swearing) took the lines and they were off for the mill.

On the way they came to the foot of a steep hill. The father stopped the team and "let" a long chapter of "cuss-words," out of which the boys learned that they must walk up the hill, for the horses "might bust a tug, or sumpin'." So the boys got off the wagon and "fell in behind" as all good boys must who have a "sickly" father. As the team started, each boy raised his end of the tail-gate and put a big apple under it; they then separated and one passed on each side of the team and hurried up the hill in the lead. Arriving at the top, the father stopped to let the team "blow a bit." Looking back, he saw the wagon was nearly empty and the apples were racing, bobbing and rolling down the wheel tracks and a great wind-row lay in the valley. He braced up quickly (mentally grabbing his oil-can of lubricating cuss-words). He looked at the boys. They stood there nicely feigning surprise and disgust. He looked back down the hill again and saw the "young river" of apples, still apparently frolicking in glee at their freedom from "the old cusser"; he took off his hat and scratched his head and turning to the boys said, "Wall, ther hain't no use; cuz ther hain't no words in no language as is fit for the o-casion."







The Summit of Mt. Ashland, June 29, 1912.

Many of the World-Renowned Orchards are in the Valley Below.

## HOMAGE

I do revere a power Divine  
    A power which rules through endless space.  
I do believe that power is mine  
    If I but tune my heart with Grace—  
A power which deals with good alone,  
That power is Love on truth, its throne.

Its voice of conscience in my breast  
    Bids me to live and dare do right.  
My sure reward is peace and rest,  
    Which far surpass kingly might.  
Today this Lord shall claim its own—  
The God of Love on truth, its throne.

Perverted love has long held sway;  
    By praise of wealth did lust deceive.  
True Science ushers in the day  
    When hearts know joy and cease to grieve.  
Forgive all debts, the past atone.  
For God is Love on truth, its throne.

By faith in Love to train the soul  
    We learn that all mankind are good.  
That fear leads to that useless goal  
    Of sickness, sin and sorrowhood.  
All evils die when left alone.  
Then worship Love on truth, its throne.

The best investment one can make  
Is "make a friend for friendship's sake";  
But any man who worships gold  
Is not a friend, when all is told.  
Would you enjoy eternal youth?  
Then make a mirror of all truth;  
If you've a friend whose daily prayer  
Is such, that friend you cannot spare.

## EVOLUTION

With its bleak dreary winds, the hard Winter was waning;  
 The birds sang for joy, and the lambs skipped in glee;  
 The fragrance of violets and grasses was gaining  
 While the buds burst forth on an old maple tree.

From causes unseen; by the friction of Seasons,  
 A whirlwind destructive passed over the lee,  
 With fury possessed; without mercy or reasons  
 It twisted, and ruined that old maple tree.

But the flowers, and verdure, took life from the sunshine,  
 The bulbs 'neath the soil brought forth sweets for the bee,  
 The tulip and rose bloomed as gay as the woodbine;  
 Spring was worth all it cost; do not mourn that old tree.

So the cycles of time are forever progressing;  
 This life is for *use*; *duty cries*, "make it free."  
 Each moment is all the past ages possessing,  
 Could the Seasons have halted to favor that tree?

## THE WILL TO LOVE

To him who has not faith to know  
 That in God's plan of Life Eternal,  
 The claims of fear are far below  
 "The Will of Love," 'tis Strength Supernal;  
 It never wanes nor will not falter,  
 Though mammon's god now seems to win.  
 It is the incense on the altar,  
 Where Praise is Power and fear is sin.

To all who worship by this will,  
 The gods of mammon are appalling.  
 Wealth is a curse and blights until  
 "The Will to Love" fills every calling;  
 It brings the peace of heaven to you,  
 But they of mammon's faith shall hear,  
 "Depart from me, I never knew you"  
 Even though saints they do appear.

## HIS WEALTH

"Take up the cross and follow me,"  
Not own one bit of property.

"*He* had not where to lay His head."  
When taken on a mountain high  
By Satan, prince of business plane,  
And offered powers which wealth can buy,  
Would he submit and worship gain;  
He counted not material cost:  
He spurned the favors of His host.

Who follows Him must all forsake—  
Must of "our *daily* bread" partake.  
"*He* had not where to lay His head."  
From press and pulpit even now,  
We hear of plans which promise ease  
To those who, void of conscience, bow  
And yield to Satan's guileful pleas.  
The multitude He taught and fed.  
He promised life! He raised the dead.

His power of truth meets wrath in all,  
Who with their gold men's hearts appall.  
"*He* had not where to lay His head."  
When we acquire His gift of love,  
And know through all of endless space,  
The law of good all powers approve  
Which lead to peace, all ills efface,  
His plan of life will rise again—  
God's Kingdom rule the hearts of men.

The gods of mammon prone shall fall  
Since He decreed the earth for all!  
"*He* had not where to lay His head."  
Was He condemned for doing good?  
He healed the sick, the lame, the blind.  
"The powers that be" knew well He would  
Their gods destroy should *we* but find  
The truths He taught of how to live,  
"To Love, Forbear, fear not, Forgive."

## GOOD

The glorious art of fitting all the truths of life, to life,  
Is love's plain true religion, to free the world from strife;  
And all the world's best Saviors have sounded this same call—  
Have shown the path to happiness to be a path for all.  
This love, so wondrous, simple, yet few have understood  
To tune the Christ's at-one-ment with the Universal Good.

The Good must ever triumph; yes, it has, and does so still.  
'Tis ignorance keeps us parted from the Omnipotent Will.  
Let the power of human wisdom act concertedly for good,  
And at once all strife and hatred will dissolve to brotherhood.  
Then, do not, my dear brother, as the Pharisee would do,  
But love the good in all mankind. They're just as good as you.

You may not wish to change with them your color, creed or might,  
But, brother, have you never thought, they hold the self-same right.  
Train not your mind to evil; rebuke each vain-like thought,  
The mind alone leads men to God; "'tis God" as Jesus taught.  
And when we come to worship all truth and good designs,  
The Light of Love with rays of Peace will banish selfish shrines.

You know that all the human race will love "Good" if it can.  
All errors, vice and folly, deal with segregated man.  
'Tis by this plan all fear of want, all greed and crime creep in;  
But cowardice, in priestly garb, has named it "Adam's sin."  
Then may I search and know myself, my kin to God, or good,  
And see by light of Truth and Love, one human Godlihood.

A god that makes men quarrel is not the god for me.  
The God of Love brings out the good in everything we see.  
To "trust thyself and fellow-man" puts good upon the throne,  
Where all men love to worship and where no one feels alone.  
And love's plain, simple gospel bids us "cease to trouble so."  
'Twill bind all human hearts as one, spell God with double o.

To name "good" as one person would break good's endless plane.  
To grace one person with all good would make that person vain.  
But on this human river, which flows through time untold,



The ship of love floats peacefully, bedecked with joy, not gold.  
And heaven means love's sweet harmony. Would'st have it if you  
could?

Then hark! the God of Love is spelled G-double o-d—Good.

Then he who lives in harmony with good has powers divine—  
Has boundless riches, even though the source of wealth decline,  
One day the energy we waste to guard off needless fear,  
We'll use towards health and happiness; the Christ will then appear.  
The Christ is now in every man who loves his neighbor so  
That love from love reflecting shows that second little o.

### THE CRUCIAL HOUR

When by the word of truth and love,  
As Jesus brought it to the race,  
His revolutionists shall prove  
That harmony can take the place  
Of fear and greed, of sin and death,  
We'll stand aghast and hold our breath,  
Now, steady boys.

When competition's wars have ceased,  
And hope dispels this business storm,  
Then politicians and the priest,  
May not give mental chloroform  
To God's own child, the giant *man*,  
Who labors in His perfect plan.  
But, steady boys.

The time is coming—almost here—  
When getting bread need not bring hell!  
But love your neighbor; do not fear,  
The right defend; 'gainst wrong rebel!  
The General for that crucial hour,  
Is he who wields this magic power:  
Now, steady boys!

Would you get the good of life? To *man* be true, and the world will  
sure grow better if you do. Every moment now grows brighter, day is  
on; we must not loiter. Love is victor! God's uniter, Peace, is due.

## REDEMPTION

I say, money changer, and you, Mr. Priest—  
 When were your standards of worth increased?  
 Though I belong to the laboring class,  
 Does that imply that my life shall pass  
 A storm of trials, a struggle in fear—  
 Denied the right to cherish as dear  
 The gems, the jewels, the joys of youth,  
 That "peace of soul" by a knowledge of truth?  
 Though my hands are calloused and my form is bent,  
 Must my leisure hours in grief be spent?  
 While you enjoy fame or fair renown,  
 And command of me: Keep down! Keep down!

Don't say you do not thus intend—  
 That the poor in you may find a friend.  
 You know that your conscience for pity cries  
 Each time you repeat those "custom lies."  
 You know that the Scribes and Sadducees  
 Turned the courts against Jesus by those same pleas:  
 You know that today in the humblest homes,  
 There are men with the power to build numberless Romes,  
 But the practice of greed, in which you feel strong,  
 Leaves the mass unnourished, and you know it is wrong.  
 Are you blind to the truth that you act the clown?  
 And say to God's image: Keep down! Keep down!

Though my manners be not polished bright,  
 My heart, as yours, yearns for the right.  
 We are both aware of the reasons why  
 We quarrel—the Golden Rule defy.  
 The lines of "caste" have no other claim,  
 Than to injure the weak and burden the lame;  
 As with dying leaves, you've the brightest hue—  
 Shall we kill the roots and the branches too?  
 Shall all brotherly love—our life-sap drip,  
 By the cursed plan, private ownership?  
 Shall the soldiers again weave a thorny crown  
 And mock the Christ with, "Come down, come down"?

We need the strength you choose to waste,  
With mankind lewd can you be chaste?  
When the dew is greeted by the flower,  
Both find 'tis good—then comes the shower.  
As the sunbeam in the alley plies  
'Tis not defiled by filth nor flies,  
But the soul of man must suffer pest,  
While "property rights" our names infest.  
The wails of grief and gaunt despair  
Echo in palaces everywhere.  
When *you* cease God's voice of love to drown,  
Then "Peace on Earth" may settle down.

This plan of greed robs you of respect—  
Robs me and my child of our intellect—  
Robs humankind of heaven sublime;  
'Tis the cause of all misery, sorrow and crime.  
Remove all these, 'tis "The Father's Will,"  
Go forth! the work of the Christ fulfill.  
With the Universe "Father," mankind, "The Son,"  
The Holy Ghost "Love" "Thy will be done."  
Eternal life by that precious vow  
Will be given us here in this endless now.  
The task is easy, neither sigh nor frown  
Need it cost to bring God's glory down.

Society owes to every man all he wants of all the things produced by labor. A statement which cannot be properly received while we view men in our diseased characters caused by knowing no other god than Mammon, but any man not crazed by the fears of failure will not want those things detrimental to good and pure living.

Benign old age, with your restful days;  
Your long, mellow shades from love's mild rays.  
Surcease from passions, from fears and war;  
Just harvesting, all that life was for.

The physical sense grows dim and weak;  
But listen, the senses of Spirit speak.  
The portals of birth to God's oneness ajar;  
Just enter and take all that life was for.

## HIS MESSAGE

What causes the ills of our day?  
 Why is it that Love is not known?  
 Has God turned His children away,  
 And reversed all that Jesus has shown  
 Would be best for the poor and the meek  
 Who love, and His Kingdom shall seek?

Then Jesus was teaching a lie,  
 Or else in our business world  
 We have twisted His message awry—  
 Let all flags of mammon be furled,  
 Let ownership cease to be known  
 And the Christ shall have claimed His own!

He told us "Sell all that thou hast,"  
 And then to "Give all to the poor."  
 Old systems belong in the past,  
 His kingdom shall ever endure.  
 He always owned plenty of bread,  
 But "not where to lay His head."

"My kingdom is not of this world."  
 This message, so bold and so deep,  
 Was equal to dynamite hurled  
 At their plan of "To own and to keep."  
 Those masters of nations and law  
 Heard the message of Jesus with awe.

"The Kingdom of God is within:  
 My Father and I are as one."  
 And we may be cleansed from all sin  
 When coveting wealth we shall shun.  
 When the worship of ownership fails,  
 We'll find that God's kingdom prevails.

"In His Name" should be held as a more solemn and binding pledge than was ever taken before the altar of Free Masonry, the power of Rome, the Mormon hierarchy, or any other earthly institution, because "In His Name" must be fulfilled all the law and the prophets.

## REPLETION

He who through fear,  
Believes that fear  
Has aught of power;  
Thus makes that fear his god.

Would conquer fear,  
With greater fear;  
Just for the hour—  
Lays Love beneath the sod.

Enthrones all ill, surrenders Good;  
Has sold the Christ as Judas would,  
Denies all life, God's Law—forsooth,  
And asks with Pilate, "What is Truth?"

## CHORUS:

Christ is that Truth which draws me near,  
To my Eternal Home.  
Out from the clouds of deadening fear;  
Praise God, The Christ has come.

To know not fear,  
Will banish fear.  
And fear is death;  
This Message Jesus brought.

How not to fear,  
The thoughts of fear  
Each living breath,  
Philosophers have taught.

And just as Jesus showed the way,  
Our faith is strengthened in this day;  
Our Life in God is "Spirit youth."  
He has that Life who knows this Truth.

It is treason to be crying "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace;  
and no one does so except he be enjoying the fruits of others' labor, and,  
like a thief, wishes to be let alone.



## SCIENTIFIC REGENERATION

The ship which cannot plow the waves  
 On stormy seas must pitch and roll.  
 So, men are helpless, struggling slaves,  
 Until they find full self-control.  
 Those masters (?) who appear so strong,  
 Know of themselves their view is wrong.  
 They know that Truth within one hour  
 Might prove they boast a spurious power.

That men have won undying fame  
 As kings of commerce, none deny;  
 Their vict'ries would have been the same  
 Had they served man, and freed the "I."  
 The richest man who walks the earth,  
 Is he who feels that by his birth  
 He holds his portion of the plan,  
 Which claims the love of fellow-man.

Why are we cowards? It is not meet,  
 Since in His image we are made  
 Who holds all power Divine complete,  
 And who commands, "Be not afraid."  
 Dominion over land and sea  
 Was given to *man*, not you nor me.  
 No rights were mentioned when 'twas said,  
 "Give us this day our daily bread."

No man can breathe the air for me.  
 The power of Infinite Love alone  
 Commands my statutes and my plea;  
 Not private titles, fame nor throne.  
 The Life and Light in which we move  
 Demands no titles more than love.  
 The ownership of herds and land,  
 Cost Abel's life, Cain wears a brand.

Unto this day that brand of Cain's  
 Still marks the human brow with greed.

Apostates roll in ill-got gains,  
While others live in needless need.  
Withal, we know by Divinie Word,  
"Who loves his neighbor serves the Lord."  
No man shall know of heaven's bright sheen,  
While private titles intervene.

Men have been measured by their wealth,  
Till right no longer acts as host.  
Contentment yields but peace and health;  
Love wilts and withers while we boast.  
The man who wears Love's smile within  
Is not disturbed by "Adam's sin."  
That perfect peace, that joy untold,  
Forever spurns the slave to gold.

No man should say to man, "Thou shalt,"  
But blessings rest on Love's "I will."  
'Tis man's true nature to exalt  
Our higher selves—Love's law fulfill.  
My life eternal is divine;  
Thus no man's will is law but mine.  
That will from every sin can save—  
The will to love makes no man slave.

#### DOMINION

Since Infinite Spirit no "person" respects,  
Who knows man as Spirit, God's image reflects.  
Since God gave dominion to His image, man,  
He never has sanctioned this ownership plan.  
"Thou shalt have no other, no gods before Me,"  
Would set every mortal from ownership free.  
Those gods which cause misery, sickness and war,  
Are pricing God's kingdom as "away below par."  
True faith will prove property worship a sham—  
Turn envy to "My brother's keeper I am."  
Like children at play all life's blessings we'll share—  
Make the whole world of labor one mecca of prayer.  
Dominion! Dominion! it is "the lost word,"  
But in business parlance, its use is absurd.

## BLESSED ARE THE MEEK

No power in all of endless space  
 Except of God, of mind supreme,  
     Can issue life—'tis law Divine.  
 And by that law, the human race  
 As one grand whole was given extreme  
     Dominion—'tis not yours nor mine.

The power which business men would claim  
 Must be, to yield "our daily bread,"  
     Is born of fear and false belief.  
 It transforms Faith and Love, to blame,  
 Displaces joy and hope with dread,  
     And forces man to be a thief.

'Tis carnal mind through which they seek  
 To lord it o'er their fellow-man;  
     The which is enmity to God.  
 They teach "be docile." Christ said "meek";  
 Condemned the proud, denounced the clan,  
     Bade all go forth with sandals shod.

Those men who boast in business lore,  
 And lead the life it seems to yield  
     May die as such—at least go broke,  
 And still have yet one life in store,  
 By crowding into labor's field;  
     Then, help to bear the "business" yoke.

But he who labors for a wage  
 Is not enjoying God's free-will.  
     This worldly system now in vogue  
 But measures God by mortal gauge,  
 And renders omnipotence nil—  
     Would brand as false the Decalogue.

Had we the faith of mustard seeds,  
 Which grow like trees, wherein the birds  
     May pour out songs of gladness free,  
 This mountain great of bonds and deeds  
 Would be removed with votes, not swords;  
     Be cast into oblivion's sea.

## WOUNDED LOVE

To raise your voice in God's pure love  
 You'll not be heard by most of men.  
 Their ears are deadened: this to prove,  
 Their idol, Mammon, blinds their ken.

Express your faith in any child  
 Whose wounded love brought fear and hate,  
 Your every motive is reviled;  
 The gauge of matter marks its rate.

To speak of Spirit is but sounds  
 Of tinkling brass to souls not free;  
 For matter's falsehoods are the grounds  
 Where mortals live and move and be.

That wounded love—oh, could we know  
 How children writhe, their souls a-fire,  
 Whose blasted hopes bind spirit low—  
 Pervert to crime our soul's desire.

To have that faith which makes men free,  
 Is but to live as does the child;  
 So cease to worship wealth and be  
 To faith in Love, all reconciled.

He who keeps the first commandment need never fear breaking the other  
 nine.

They will keep him, for God is omnipresent and complete love;  
 There is no hell for him, for hell is "being out of harmony with love,"  
 and love has no use for the private title.

Where the private title is, there, love stands, a  
*Naked, Weeping, Bound, Slave!*

Never but two persons have refused to forgive.

One was the devil, the other was a capitalist; and they were both gov-  
 erned by the same reason;

They will go broke if they do, and vanish from the minds of men.

"So Mote it be."

## THE HOLY LAW

Through praise of Mammon man has failed  
 To know that "Man" means all are one.  
 Thus baser motives have prevailed,  
 Since private ownership begun.  
 There is no "gift" of man's salvation,  
 Man must achieve his highest aim.  
 Within man's breast an emulation  
 Invites all good, disdains all blame.

Man stands erect, a demonstration  
 Of law fulfilled, the law of love.  
 Man is one grand divine relation,  
 All man in brotherhood shall move.  
 Man must not be by strife divided,  
 Man shall no longer war through fear;  
 Selfwill shall cease. Love has decided;  
 Man's love for man draws heaven near.

When man shall seek for God-like power—  
 That power the "I Am" holds within,  
 That goal we reach in silent hour  
 Above all hate, where hopes begin—  
 'Tis there man finds the life worth living,  
 There man communes with life supreme.  
 God's image, man, is all forgiving.  
 Man, hold thyself in full esteem.

Man is debauched by creeds fraternal;  
 Man's inner self loves only good;  
 By seeking gods from man external,  
 Man aims below man's brotherhood.  
 Through knowing self, man learns of heaven—  
 Knows it is here, not realms above.  
 Man needs no laws that fears have given;  
 There is no binding law but Love.

Whene'er we entertain the thought that a good deed can't be done,  
 we've injured faith as no man ought. Weak faith makes cowards run.  
 Only pure and noble thoughts can change our doleful plight; great souls,  
 rebounding honest thoughts, assure the reign of right.



## ALL GOOD DIVINE

Come let us try to comprehend that God is love,  
Love with one purpose and one end, makes for all good.  
Just as a little light is light,  
Each little good is always right,  
The all of good is all of might.  
All Good is God.

In every breast there ever lives desire for good,  
Good for all men which comfort gives, as love gives life.  
He does not live who worships gold,  
But 'bides in fear, his heaven sold,  
This illustrates the story told.  
All Good is God.

No mite of love can be too small to be of love.  
As moisture is to oceans all, so good is God.  
The "I am" here attends God's school;  
Soul intuition for a tool,  
To build by God's incessant rule.  
All Good is God.

What tells us when we happy are? True sense of good.  
What dims our faith, our hopes to mar? Man's selfish life.  
No darkness stays where light comes in,  
The love of God cannot know sin;  
All sorrows cease where loves begin.  
All Good is God.

To those who cherish aught but good, love is a dream.  
Love never begs as mammon would, all love is good.  
To have no other God but Love  
For all men here, below, above,  
Will for each man a heaven prove.  
All Good is God.

It behooves all men to respect and protect every man's earning  
power with the same degree of honor and sacredness that he would  
their lives or property.

## MATERIAL SUCCESS IS SPIRITUAL FAILURE

All words which mortals use  
 Are based on matter's plan.  
 Some parables we choose  
 To hint of Spirit-man,  
 Who lives above all carnal strife,  
 Is not engaged where sense is rife,  
 But being soul—Immortal Mind;  
 Lives, moves and is, in God, its kind.

When man shall come to know  
 All that it means to *live*  
 (To see by Spirit's glow—  
 All praise to Spirit give),  
 He'll find that shrewdness does not pay,  
 That values lure from life away,  
 That talents used for getting wealth  
 Rob Spirit-life; leave blighting stealth.

One talent gave He one,  
 And to another five.  
 Their Spirit-work begun,  
 He went, to feast; convive.  
 Upon returning this he found:  
 The first had hid his in the ground—  
 Owned oil wells, railroads, precious mines,  
*But had no Spirit-growth designs.*

He that had five was pleased  
 Our Father's will to serve—  
 Was not by greed diseased,  
 Nor would from Spirit swerve.  
 He loved his fellow-men enmasse;  
 None could his works for good surpass,  
 His neighbor loved he as himself—  
 Was never vainly seeking self.

The oneness of God's mind  
 Is Infinite, unknown  
 To all of human kind.

But faith, as Christ has shown,  
 Can help us lay aside that fear  
 Which mortal sense makes to appear  
 A good investment. But it fails.  
 God bids us live; forget details!

### IDLENESS

Oh! the horror of being of so little worth,  
 A disgrace to the parents who gave me birth.  
 No chance to be useful, a killer of time,  
 A nuisance, a vagabond, sewer of slime;  
 To sickly lie idle, a "snide" and a fraud,  
 Not having one virtue which men can applaud,  
 But viciously squander what other folks earn,  
 Having no use for the good things I learn.  
 I hope when the Socialists do win the day  
 That I can get work and respectable pay.  
 It must be a pleasure—yes, life must be sweet  
 To those who by labor can *earn* what they eat.  
 This curse of great riches (my soul! what a load!)  
 Makes a lie of religion; 'tis Satan's broad road.

Oh! the horror of tramping and looking for work—  
 To be scorned and be measured a bum and a shirk;  
 And when we do labor we're damnably robbed,  
 Every man with a job is most cursedly jobbed.  
 Our children deprived of the means to grow strong,  
 Every effort at charity forced to be wrong.  
 All these to give dividends, interest and rent,  
 To a class who have legalized social torment.  
 But the Socialist's theory is spreading world-wide  
 Which will banish dishonesty, fear and false-pride  
 Yes, *this* system is falling. Hurrah! and Amen!  
 All men shall be *brothers*, when men can be *men*.  
 There will then be no classes, no castes, and no creed;  
 All will worship "The Father" by action and deed.

Let us stop using the word "they" in this work; it is "we" who are to save the world. When we, the workers, learn to love our kind, all who are now "they" will hurry to become one of the "we" and all speculating will have ceased.

## A NEW DAY

'Tis through the simple love of self  
 That man must love the Lord;  
 But for man's weaknesses and needs  
 A Lord there could not be.  
 For nineteen hundred years we've strove,  
 Begging, contending for a reward,  
 Never once thinking "I am not free."  
 Others need saving as well as me.  
 While yet one sheep is lost in the hills,  
 The flock is not safe, as devotion wills,  
 For I am my Brother's Keeper.

Endowed with a knowledge and love of right,  
 Proves duty is my portion.  
 Man's healthful nature is to follow cheer,  
 Not cherish flaw nor frown.  
 For nineteen hundred years we've strove  
 To gain rewards without consortion.  
 True Lord-love knows no up nor down.  
 Deceit cannot merit a gladsome crown.  
 As the morning mist is of countless parts,  
 God's love of self moves human hearts—  
 Thus, I am my Brother's Keeper.

Has love of self been falsely led  
 By egotists, devoid of peace,  
 Into the darkness of fear and greed,  
 Whence "I am better than you?"  
 For nineteen hundred years we've strove,  
 'Neath dogma's far-fetched plans, to cease  
 Crouching, when reason gave promise true  
 That when self-love would greed eschew—  
 And, stooping to the lowest plane,  
 We'd see beneath the fog of gain  
 That I am my Brother's Keeper.

So long as one man suffers want  
 Society is degraded.  
 Nothing is clear or pure or bright  
 Which bears one filthy stain.

For nineteen hundred years we've strove  
To scorn the term of "manhood faded";  
In weak submission let tyrants reign,  
A divine conscience has cried in vain;  
The plan proves futile to raise kings higher.  
While slaves sink deeper in the mire;  
Hence, I am my brother's keeper.

Though fortune's favors lavishly  
Should rest on me the while,  
Does this concede to anyone  
A license to be mean?  
For nineteen hundred years we've strove  
To depute lucre, for Nature's smile.  
Indigence has no strength for sheen.  
Strength is not gained by imbibing spleen.  
No man is guilty for being blind,  
And every teacher must bear in mind  
That I am my Brother's Keeper.

When competition forces men  
To suffer lack of culture;  
With children born in squalor's thrall,  
Why thwart them in their might?  
For nineteen hundred years we've strove  
To cast their virtues to the vulture.  
Who dares to vainly claim the right  
To force the issue in this fight,  
Which causes *truth* to bow in shame,  
And yet to pray in Jesus' name?  
The one *true* Brother's Keeper.

When Zaccheus (emblem of private greed)  
Learned that grand Socialist's story,  
He realized his ignorance,  
Which swayed his very soul.  
For nineteen hundred years we've strove  
To bribe the "now" with future glory,  
Craving appeasement, but to condole



With an unsubdued conscience beseeching the whole.  
 Not until equity guarantees rest,  
 Will conscience cease sounding that stern behest,  
 "Yes, I am my Brother's Keeper."

### BE BORN AGAIN

For three centuries those Christians,  
 That co-operating band,  
 Tried to merit God's approval,  
 To possess the promised land.  
 But material worship conquered.  
 (Since King Constantine deceived—  
 Showed benighted man a mirage)  
 We've *believed*, that we believed.

Seek ye first God's precious kingdom,  
 Here within thee: Know thyself.  
 Cultivate the spirit senses;  
 Worship Truth, denounce that elf  
 Who would sound the praise of matter  
 As it did to Mother Eve.  
 All life's needs are added to you.  
 Only trust, have faith. Believe!

There's a point of vital interest  
 Which the teacher must explain—  
 That the sense of Soul, or Spirit,  
 Does not act on matter's plane.  
 So the truths to which God calls us,  
 Cannot reach to mortal's ear;  
 They are only known to Spirit,  
 Always vague to mortal fear.

First of all, stop knowing matter  
 As a power; all is Mind.  
 He who cannot see as Spirit,  
 All God's handiwork, is blind.  
 Then become as little children,  
 Full of faith, and love all men.  
 Thus was Jesus God's way-shower.  
 Know this truth: be born again.

## WONDROUS SIMPLICITY

Let us not attack men's ethics nor belief,  
The results are but confusion and turmoil;  
Ancients ruled by fear and envy found relief  
In religious faiths allotting men the soil;  
But despite the claims of holiness, the threats and mouldy spleen  
Of those self-appointed shepherds, who dispense with "pastures  
green"  
The soul of man has ever longed to pardon and forgive—  
To share with all the weaker ones the privilege to live,  
When the weak shall learn to love instead of punish.

Many brightest hopes and passions of the soul,  
Have been garnered as the grain from husks of crime;  
Every conscience keeps a justly balanced roll,  
And rebukes the evil-doer in due time.  
But while rogues must use the prison, the army and the law,  
To demand they be forgiven, thus we license every flaw.  
And while striving to "get even" all of virtue's interests fade,  
Until all mankind are measured by the failures they have made.  
Honest debts are never settled when we punish.

When your cloak is held for ransom and your coat  
Is the envy of the vicious, let it go;  
Do not strive to prove his eye contains a mote,  
Lest the beam of vengeance dim your spirit's glow.  
Soar above the clouds of envy as the eagle rides the storm,  
Train the will to truthful efforts, common duties to perform;  
Kindly words to little children yield of good with powers untold;  
Character must have love's sweet sunshine while the seed is in the  
mould,  
But the light of hope will languish while we punish.

It was Peter asked, "How oft shall we forgive?"  
And the answer of the Prince of Peace was plain;  
He who stands in need of pardon does not live  
But is seeking peace and happiness in vain.  
As the darkest hour is always just before the dawn of day,  
So with ignorance and falsehood; Love shall show the better way,

When we search our hearts for knowledge, justice towards all men  
 employ,  
 Then the work of Truth shall conquer. Then will sorrow turn to joy,  
 And the nations of the earth may cease to punish.

With the will to love—"Ye must be born again."

With the will to love—"Thy faith shall make thee whole."

When our social laws bring justice to all men,

We will live to praise the Universal Soul.

When an injury to the weakest is of interest to us all,

Love will temper every heart throb, even when a sparrow fall;

Then may courts and legislatures cease to scourge the mass in awe,

Therefore, "Love ye one another" is the only binding law.

This will cleanse our hearts of all desire to punish.

#### BROTHER - LOVE

The good still lives in hearts, though hard

Crusted with sin, as rust may hide

The links of chains, till but one mass

Of rust appears; yet God-thoughts guard

Man's higher self, and worldly pride

Is but as sound of tinkling brass.

Though one be starved, benumbed by crime,

Soul-hope stands porter at the door

Of every temple (God in me).

Each wrongful breach hints of a time

When right shall reign, and justice pour

A flood of virtues o'er life's sea.

All hearts seek truth, and hope for good;

Thus brother-love builds Godlihood.

To analyze the word "Religion," re, signifies the past. Lig, from "liege," is to bind; thus, it is to bind to the past. Now, primordial man, God's image and likeness, stood free (naked) and gathered his food from God's ("Infinite Mind's") garden without owning it, but when Cain *owned* a field of corn, and Abel *owned* a flock of sheep, it brought the first and all other murders. Since two things cannot be in one place at one time, where private owning of public needs is, there can be no religion.

## HUMAN NATURE

What of our social sins?  
And who can make them right?  
Where is it crime begins?  
Hereditary blight.  
Is there no way to trace this cause?  
Has Science overlooked these laws?  
Our Natural Natures have no flaws!  
God's image is aright.

Whatever is the plan  
Which custom-laws compel,  
Reflects on mortal man  
A record he must swell.  
Yet to these laws he ever bends,  
By custom-laws we measure friends.  
'Tis mortal's fate; vibration blends  
With harmony or hell.

'Tis human nature then  
To flourish or decline,  
Just as the mass of men  
Shall worship or malign.  
Those words, "Vox populi, vox Dei,"  
Are just as true as true can be;  
And—neighbor, that means you and me—  
Soul-consciously divine.

We must unknow the wrong!  
Christ's promises are true.  
It need not take us long  
All error to subdue.  
All spirit-men omniscient are;  
Heaven is here, and not afar.  
Those "pearly gates" now stand ajar.  
Just love—and enter through.

How can a man love God  
More than he loves mankind?

Sense sees man as a clod,  
 But God is Spirit-Mind!  
 Our spirit vision is discerned  
 When mortal error has been spurned.  
 The old man to the new is turned,  
 Soul sense now seeks its kind.

### THE HOUR OF RECKONING

Every movement which blesses the race,  
 Calls for heroes and martyrs, who strive  
 To awaken the dull populace;  
 So benumbed, they have ceased to contrive;  
 From childhood they meet disappointments, deceit,  
 Wher'in spirit-man never can thrive.

But the day of at-one-ment has come.  
 The little red flag floats on high.  
 The hobo, the tramp, and the bum,  
 Hail the color of love in the sky.  
 The rich parasite who makes war but won't fight  
 Sees the hour of reckoning nigh.

The man who prays, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," and then supports by his vote, this "business world," has not measured his words at all, or else was seeking to "drive a bargain" when he said, "Hallowed be Thy Name."

And again, while we make a god of such money as will measure a lie by the same rule that it does honest labor, is it not asking amiss to pray, "Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors?" Has there ever been a war fought because labor was receiving more values than it had produced? Every war has been a mutual murder! It is simply business gone to seed. "Father forgive them; they know not what they do."

Now let the lowly Son of Man  
 Be proclaimed to the world again—  
 As "He that is born," whose God-like plan  
 Shall rule the lives of men.

Would you help make society better? Then begin at the bottom to build; cease to honor the "gambling getter." Make of workers a National Guild. Encourage the weak to be stronger, worship wealth as our god no longer; treat the meanest man fair, rid his soul of despair; love each man for the man, not the monger.

To be spiritually awakened constitutes the only true riches, and those having a surfeit of material wealth are the really poor among us.



## THE FOLLY OF FOOLS IS DECEIT

Lucky is he who profits by being called a fool;  
Lucky the man who isn't obliged to be an abject tool  
To serve the wicked purpose of party, boss or creed,  
The man who learns to be a *man* is lucky—yes, indeed.

Pity for him who simply calls all his mishaps luck,  
Too thoughtless to condemn the rogues who foster social muck—  
The ignorant and benighted, the outcast reprobate,  
Is such because *you* don't protest and help to educate.

Baneful the creed that teaches "be docile," for "believe,"  
It has always served the purpose of those who would deceive  
And live by robbing labor of the products of its toil,  
They've always shielded "ownership," the cause of all turmoil.

Misery, crime and ravage the people all deplore,  
But the cause, the private title, like fools, we all adore;  
We are taught that God, the Father, approves the wicked plan  
For thieves to own the bread of life which *must* belong to *man*.

Fearful the crimes committed by soldiers everywhere;  
And yet they're no more brutal than he who owns my share  
Of life's plain needs and uses—the man who tells me "Nay,  
Your children shan't develop." *He* holds the Christ at bay.

Justice perverted to nourish the interests of property right,  
Is trying the Savior, like Pilate, but openly, not in the night.  
The court or the power which suffers the toiler to yield to a boss,  
Condemns the honest producer to die on the "ownership cross."

Judas should be respected, and is, in every deal  
Where toilers have to buy a boss to get their bread, or steal;  
Life has become a gamble, and crime a licensed game.  
With the ruling powers polluted, weak men become the same.

Monstrous will be the struggle—wars and rumors of war,  
But never again shall fear control; knowledge has gone too far.  
The masses are nearly ready to grasp the Social Prize

Which "Christian" means, but priests and kings push off beyond  
the skies.

Knowledge shall bring the power to set the honest free,  
When once we learn that "Cain's mistake" was, owning property—  
Then men can have convictions, religion to revere—  
But not while private ownership grinds labor down with fear.

Victims of robbery *can* forgive, but not so with the robber.  
He cringes in his wickedness, though priest, magnate or jobber,  
The sinner or the profligate who profits by misrule,  
Will bless his guiding brother who shows him he's a fool.

#### A LOW DOWN DOG

Ah Shep, old boy! What's this I hear?  
I hope from guilt we'll find you clear;  
But seems to me you'd be ashamed.  
It seems some efforts have been made  
Your dogly conduct to degrade,  
And why should you be falsely blamed?

Now Shep, good dog, do you perceive,  
That I am loath to thus believe  
Your noble character defiled?  
But, statements by a woman made  
Should lay your dogship in the shade.  
'Twas thus I heard your name reviled.

I've often heard you called a thief,  
But is surpasses my belief  
That you should ever take to grog—  
A drunkard, lying in the mire—  
A lady passing said, with ire,  
"Oh! see that horrid, low-down dog."

Now Shep, see here; you have my word  
That I doubt many things I've heard;  
And I'll still doubt, to favor you.  
For ages men by hardships sore

Have tried your friendship times galore;  
And Shep, old boy, you've proven true.

Shep is my friend, and not a slave.  
I wish that I were less a knave.  
His good deeds are not for a price.  
I've never known him choose the wrong,  
His faith in self is always strong.  
He gives a child his best advice.

The look of honor in his eye  
Beats any jewels wealth can buy.  
I would that men could wear his smile—  
A promise no man needs to doubt,  
And pain nor grief can wipe it out.  
He never wears it to beguile.

Then they who call the dog "low down"  
And hope some day to wear a crown  
Must turn about and change their step—  
Get down where nature shows the way,  
The voice of Love and Truth obey.  
These are the laws that govern Shep.

My love for Shep I would not hide.  
Love is the same, for dog or bride—  
One love for all things blest with life.  
When egotists shall find this plane  
Then greed and fear and all that's vain  
Will drown in their own flood of strife.

There is a right way to say anything to any man on any subject and get a civil hearing. It only requires a guarantee of an absolutely square deal. Therefore, when society shall deal squarely with all men, every man will answer to a warrant at any time and all our jails may be closed.

Just as the mortal human eye cannot portray the Spirit man—"I, Spirit, am the way"; so carnal mind need never try to know of God's eternal plan; false fears must pass away.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before" the "I am that I am."

## HERMENEUTICS

A lover of the human race in occultations deep  
 Was delving in such vital thoughts as make weak trucklings creep;  
 Wielding the magic powers which none but poets know,  
 Almost losing consciousness, following love's bright glow;  
 Living in grim reality the lives of other men,  
 Treading the paths that fade in truth, weighing all ages in the  
       scales of youth;  
 Rolling the stone from mystic tombs, that true emotions might live  
       again.

'Neath murky clouds of mystery, in superstition's realm,  
 Lay mouldering ('midst the victims they had helped to overwhelm);  
 "Grim fear" and "weak submission" — Old Shylock's store of  
       wealth—  
 Their bleaching bones still bear the stains of shrewdness and of  
       stealth;  
 Pushing beyond the boundaries described by mortal's pen,  
 Scanning the pages of soul's repine, reading conditions between  
       the lines,  
 Rolling the stone from mystic tombs, that firm convictions might  
       live again.

The man with wondrous daring may lack all of being brave.  
 Man rides the sea of customs, tossed about by every wave;  
 And so the things held sacred are not proven so by age,  
 As environments mould ambitions, so the heart and soul engage.  
 Just as the youthful mind conceives, so does the soul grow strong.  
 As are the thoughts which childhood feeds, so endure that person's  
       needs,  
 Never encouraged to know the right, custom compels it to do wrong.

To tolerate a system of business methods vile  
 But stimulates the vanity, with a leer supplants the smile;  
 'Tis sowing prostitution for the harvest of the soul—  
 Intoxicates the sophist 'till his wealth is but a dole;  
 Produces dire despondency, intemperance and crime,  
 Stifles one child before its birth, while thousands claim no part of  
       earth,  
 Except to see the blossoms fade and slave for debts, because of time.

Justice enthroned in every breast calls on men to think,  
 To harness nature's forces that slaves may cease to swink;  
 Rears the genius in common schools to lessen human toil,  
 And whispers "as the air is free: so also is the soil."  
 Respect all laws until repealed; honorable deeds promote;  
 But unto no man be beholden, kill the laws which thieves embolden.  
 "Be sure you're right, then go ahead" by the referendum vote.

Cease to punish the mere effect but first remove the cause.  
 And stand erect to claim your own; the world will give applause.  
 Cease to crouch and feel condemned for faults you can't avoid,  
 For all this crime and misery, this fear of want is void;  
 And when just methods shall prevail, then duty will be plain;  
 "God never willed to burden life with competition, war and strife!"  
 By honest methods, hate and fear will yield to joy and love's refrain.

### JUST LOVE

Man never wrongs that which he loves,  
 (Perverted love is always lust,  
 No matter how applied).  
 Each sacrifice man makes but proves  
 That all are worthy of my trust  
 When love has sanctified.

God's image, man, is not defiled.  
 We've helped no man whom we've reviled;  
 And all such records yet compiled,  
 Is spirit crucified.

To claim that matter can give power,  
 We stab the Christ, and scorn God's dower.  
 To know God's love, we first must cease  
 To know aught else—just love in peace.

Every portion of the future will be "the now" when we are living it; therefore if covetousness, greed and vain hopes for riches are your master *now* you will never be a "master man." You may at any time look into "the Mirror of Truth" and see the image of a coward. You are placing yourself in the position of one not deserving the help of "The Christ," as Paul looked upon "The workers of the world."

Character building is but the crystallizing of habits.



## NON-RESISTANCE

The crime of all crimes yet recorded  
 Must be charged to this "ownership plan,"  
 Where the minions of law were rewarded  
 By the death of The Christ, "Son of Man,"  
 Who taught that all men should be equal,  
 That the rich should give all to the poor;  
 To defend evil laws was their sequel,  
 And to keep Heaven's blessings obscure.

The weakest of all human weakness  
 Is our energy wasted in strife;  
 Strong men are renowned for their meekness—  
 Jesus claimed it would guarantee life;  
 And the wicked, the low and immoral  
 Will always endeavor to hide  
 Every sinister plan in a quarrel—  
 For this truth, each martyr has died.

The grandest of all grand achievements  
 Is to govern a noble free will.  
 While we firmly oppose all enslavements,  
 Condemn each injustice as nil,  
 Let our motto be "Sheer Non-Resistance";  
 Of the causes of crime we'll take notes,  
 We'll be slaves for a paltry subsistence  
 Until we protest with our votes.

We can only draw near to "the God of Love,"  
 By ignoring the gods of men.

## AN AFTERMATH

This is the day of Judgment,  
 In meekness receive this vow.  
 This is the day of Judgment,  
 There is no time but now.  
 This is the day of Judgment,  
 In nature's way made known.  
 This is the day of Judgment,  
 And Truth reclaims her own.

This is the day of Judgment,  
Hail to the world, ahoy!  
This is the day of Judgment,  
Herald the news with joy.  
This is the day of Judgment,  
Direct legislation wins.  
This is the day of Judgment,  
When peace on earth begins.

This is the day of Judgment,  
Cherish the words in love.  
This is the day of Judgment,  
And Heaven is *not* above.  
This is the day of Judgment,  
It is here in the reach of all.  
This is the day of Judgment,  
And tyranny is gone to the wall.

This is the day of Judgment,  
Proclaim as the thunders roll.  
This is the day of Judgment,  
Of the Universal Soul.  
This is the day of Judgment,  
Heed not the breakers' roar.  
This is the day of Judgment,  
And the night of greed is o'er.

This is the day of Judgment,  
Firm justice our hallowed mace.  
This is the day of Judgment,  
By freedom comes boundless grace.  
This is the day of Judgment,  
When troubles and sorrows cease.  
This is the day of Judgment,  
Glad, Universal Peace.



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